

# The Aurora Boreadean

Magazine of the Boreadean Order ~ 1982 ~ Vol. I No. 4 Oidhche Bèl





## AN BAUL HINNE - The Issue

Here's to Spring and all of you who are subscribers, new members, and to those who have sent for a copy to see what we are about.

We have had so many requests to begin "talking Druid" that we are laying a few seeds and roots in this issue. For instance, we are going to try a bit of division in the sabbat explanation, giving some of the basics with Outer and Inner Court philosophies as well as background in Druid thought. You will find some similarities, I am sure, but the ties will be explained.

One entire section of this issue is devoted to the Men's mysteries, the manhood rites of which will be held on Uath 5 by our calendar. Garman Lord, editor of Vikingstaff, and Gwyddion give views on the subject along with my own from the woman's point of reference. We have also included an article on the Grail workings for the men which we hope will spark some replies from you out there.

Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Ryn is back with a really great section packed with information on how to plan and begin your garden for this year. We may be awhile getting her to come back out of the garden for another issue because summer is the herb growing and selling season, but we hope she will send along some hints now and then and we wish her the best of luck for her coming season.

Another returnee is the Shaman. As we promised, we will be coming up with a special issue devoted to shamanry in the near future, but for now, some special thoughts from a special man.

Our schedule for the May celebration will be included so you may plan a few things for yourself to correspond, if you would like. We also plan to get the June Solstice issue to you so that you can plan ahead for that. We will be publishing a calendar page each issue, now, along with our review of plans for the holy days so you can cut it out and tack it up somewhere. The only thing is, if you do not live in Watertown, you will have to change times to fit your sunrise and sunset times. We have a calendar which we produce at Yule, but all orders have to be in by Oidhche Shamhna, October 31, as we produce only enough for the orders. This calendar includes all the celebrations with notes.

"Lucky", "Oh, No, America," and "Dagda's Festival Cauldron" (with ham you will not believe!) are all here, along with "The Book Worm," which, this month reviews, appropriately, "The Origin of the Grail Legend by A. C. L. Brown.

We finally got to an SCA tournament and loved it! The review and a special interest story are included in this issue.

Also, on the long overdue list is the hymn to Danu which has been with our people since the beginning days of the Clann. We have arranged it for piano, but simply, so you can play it if you wish.

The second series of "I Am Goddess" meditations is included for those of you who are following the Fire Litanies.

I am very grateful to the lovely goddess who looks over my shoulder and gives a boost when I am forced to do artwork she inspires. I dedicate my cover to her.

Also, in this issue, we begin a series on the Pleasure Faire of the Renaissance in Sterling New York, where we spend several weekends in the summer. If you are near Oswego this year, stop in and see us.

So we hope you enjoy the new issue and with barely enough room:DEA



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*Credits: Cover art & graphics: DEA: internal art*

*Cover knotwork: Sue Ryn Hildenbrand*

*Reduction: Garman Lord*

*Printing & Mailing: Fergus*

*Scrollwork for section on Men's Mysteries from "Calligraphy," by J.G. Schwander; Pub. Dover*



# OUT-PUT



Hooray, hooray, the Rites of May! The winter is almost gone! Of course, it was still with us on April fifth - snow! We hear that a bit downstate where they used to kid around about there being a Snowtown U.S.A. up here, there was more snow on April eighth!

There is a lot of hooting and hollaring about a certain new magazine up here. Actually they are a little older than we are, but you should have seen their first anniversary party! We were of the opinion that, like chivalrous men, Vikings who are Vikings and Anglo Saxon men of renown were vanished species. This time we're wrong on all counts. After a weekend with the Viking-staffers we were treated to another with valorous and hardy knights of the Celtic and creative kind.

Now why are people so different from these old fashioned folk who need no signed papers to say they are your friend and you theirs? These days one has to practically sign his or her life away in order to receive the blessings of the government of this country on their service to the population. We think it is because no one seems to care, to any degree, about the work they do, products are inferior and customers are justifiably angry. They complain to the government high or low and are given a modicum of satisfaction if the product is removed from the market or the company is reprimanded and ordered to give satisfaction. Now in days of old, a man had pride in his product for its worth, and the satisfaction was built in and guarantees were understood. Government has obviously taken the place of our own self-worth and, like a disciplining father, must here the complaints and correct the naughty child.

It would seem that along with the need to return to the values of our ancestors as well as to religion reminiscent of their time, we should return to the pride they had in the work produced at their hands. In this day and age even executioners are notoriously unfeeling, while the man who took a criminal's life in older times, especially if it was his business, prided himself in doing it while causing the victim as little pain as possible. Now we do not even accord that service to the animals who die that man may eat meat.

It may be that with the spread of the return to former values, the attitudes attendant upon those values will improve and become a part of man's new experiences. For my part, I find it very refreshing to be able to trust a man without having to feel I should see to it that if he makes a bargain he signs a paper. My thanks to a world which allows for changes in its inhabitants.

DEA



# Letters To The Editor

## INPUT



Dear DEA,  
You invited us all to write  
and tell you what we think!  
We think you're great. We  
got our sample issue in our  
mail last week and our re-  
action is, "Here's our sub-  
scription money! Let's have  
more. In fact, let's start  
our subscription with the  
first Aurora Boreadean!"  
Thanks again for the new  
baby!

Regards,  
Sharon and Jim  
Sioux City, Iowa

Dear S. & J.,  
Well, we won't say the baby  
came without some birthing  
pains, but at least the birth  
announcements are out & we  
have had some congratulations.  
Last week I asked someone  
what they thought of a new  
idea. The reply reminded me  
of "Oh, no! We're pregnant  
again." Frankly, I think it's  
great to be fertile! Thanks  
for your support! Ed.

Dear DEA,  
We would like to know more  
about the Boreadeans. The  
newsletter is great and it  
seems to me you might use  
it to let us know about all  
of you. And how about you,  
DEA? We don't know from your  
signature who you are, or  
even if you are a man or a  
woman. Are you Irish or a  
Spaniard? Where did you  
come from, or have you lived  
in Watertown all your life?  
Who's running the outfit, or  
are you a group of people?  
Please?

Anne R.  
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Anne,  
We have a mini-book avail-  
able on The Boreadeans. The  
price is \$4.00 including postage.  
To put it in the magazine  
would require more than half  
an issue to itself. As for my-  
self, you are right. I guess  
you are right. I get all  
kinds of mail asking the  
same questions. Therefore, in  
this issue I include some  
of my credentials, although  
I don't like writing about  
myself. Thanks for your  
letter.

Ed.

Dear Folks,  
There's gold in them thar  
snowbanks! We love our sam-  
ple copy. We hope to hear  
a bit more on the Druid side.  
See? We've been doing our  
homework.

Best to your  
future!  
Jerry M.  
Rochester, Minn..

Dear Jerry,  
Oh, but you have a silver  
tongue! Druid work is in  
the works! Hope you continue  
to enjoy. Ed.

Hi, up there in Cold Country!  
If I was not such a gentleman  
I would tell you how beautiful  
it is here in sunny Florida!  
But I'll be home soon. One  
thing about the cold up there.  
It seems to make for good  
solid thinking about things  
that count! I am enclosing  
13 for your first 8. Keep  
up the good work!

Rick  
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Rick,  
We'll see your 13 & raise  
you 8. We think we've got  
a royal flush! As for  
sunny Florida - huh! If  
you really want us to know  
about it, we'll be happy to  
accept a couple of return-  
trip tickets.

Ed.

Dear DEA,  
We are so far from any sources  
of information that we feel  
cut off from the pagan com-  
munity. The magazine of the  
Boreadean Order and some of  
the others we take carry us  
through. There is hardly a  
hope that we can move, at  
least for the next few years,  
so you are our comfort. We  
hope nothing will happen to  
prevent you from keeping go-  
ing.

Sincerely,  
J. and M. D.

Dear J. & M.,  
We, like you, hope nothing  
happens to trip us up! We  
are high on a cloud & it's  
a long way down.

Ed.





## PLEASURE FAIRE of the RENAISSANCE and Summer Marketplace

On the hill is a theatre where plays are presented, and another theatre on the lower walk even boasts a Shakespearian play or two in a weekend.

Also on the hill is our own Ryn, the Hill Woman, one of the reasons why we do not often get articles from her in the summer times. Her booth is a haven for the tired fairgoer and is always fragrant with herbs you are welcome to sniff and mix for taking home.

Whimsey figures, readers of the Tarot and glassshapers are among the booths while acrobats walk a tightrope at the top of the hill.

Of course, the Druids are at their post near the chessboard and the grove.

And how does it all begin for the year? It begins in early January for those of us who have booths. We receive an application from Ginny and Gerry to be filled out and returned to them. In a short time the application is answered, if you have not incurred the wrath of the management the year before, with an acceptance. Not many folks would want to harm the Faire in any way, so most are welcomed back. By the end of March most of us have made our plans for the additions we wish to make to our booths and are looking forward to the disappearance of the snow and some softening of the ground. Then it is time to go to the Faire grounds to start gardens and check out the area, as almost everyone says they can never cope with waiting too long to get back to this lovely place.

In this space we intend to keep you posted on the activities for the Faire's opening, for we know that many of you love the Faire enough so that you buy season tickets and go back every weekend year after year. Oh, do us a favor, please. If you have any spells to make the snow go away, please join them with ours so we can get ready to

SEE YOU AT THE FAIRE!

DEA

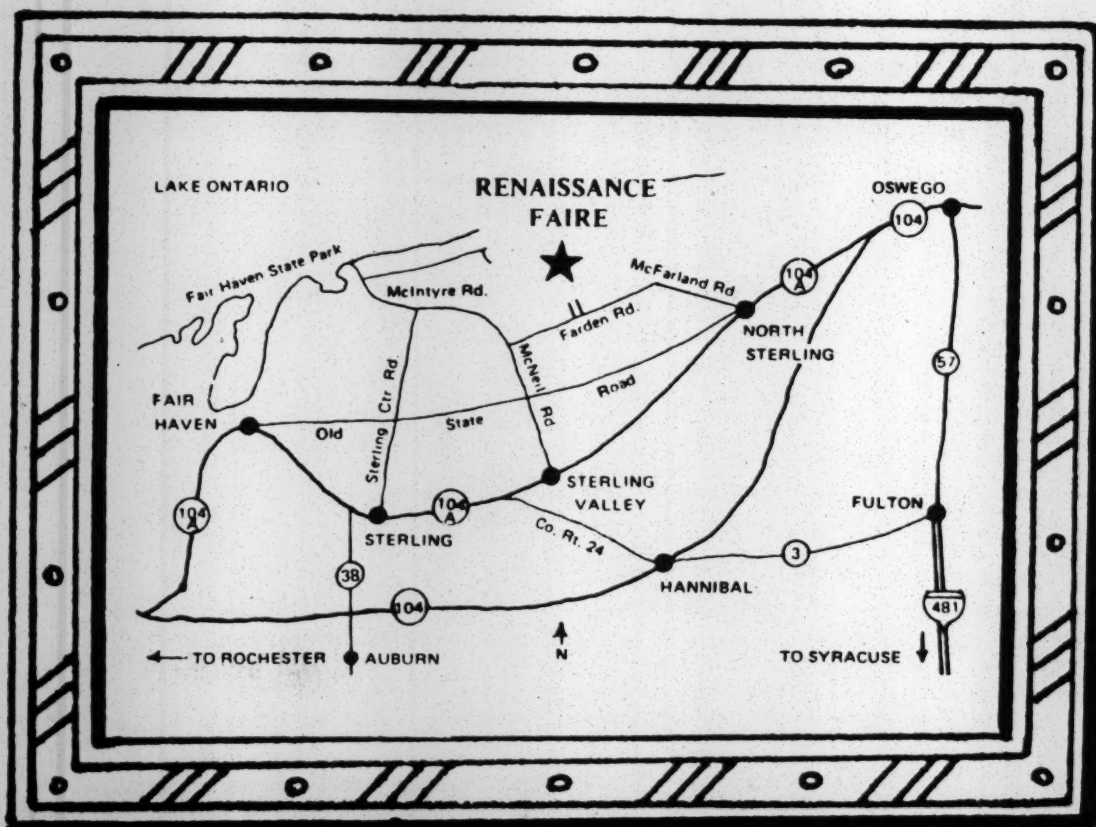
The is pure enchantment, to say less would incur karma and would be apt to encourage the largest influx of negative mail in our history, for anyone who has been there tends to defend the Faire to the limits of their verbal abilities.

The location is in Sherwood Forest at Sterling New York, just a few miles down 104A from Oswego, New York. Twenty acres of Woods, lawns and small booths give the entire Faire an aura of late sixteenth century rustic beauty, elegant in its simplicity. Parking is outside the main area and walking is necessary, for nothing that can be avoided, mars the effect envisioned by the Faire's originator, Mr. Ouellette.

Virginia and Gerry Young are an unbeatable team, working constantly, though I suspect not always tirelessly, to keep the purity of effect which has set this place apart from most Renaissance Faires.

Even the food must be authenticated and reviewed by the Board before the concessioners are allowed to present them for the pleasure of the public who are always full of bohs and ahs over the giant fruit salads with ice cream, fried breads, french fried vegetables and turkey legs topped off with a foaming ale, cider, or a cool glass of their own birch beer, made by the locals.

Actors and wandering troupes of musicians and magicians are constantly entertaining the passersby, and musical instruments of the period are played by a travelling company. A giant chessboard dominates the area at the bottom of the hill and games and feats of balance are overseen by buxom girls and handsome lads whose accents will truly take you back to the time of Queen Elizabeth the first, who is also a frequent visitor on fair days along with a retinue of ladies and gentlemen of her court whose names you have read in history books.





# LUCKY



One day on his travels, as the little people often do, he stopped at a house to ask for some food in turn for work done.

"Good day to ye, my friends," he said, "ad would ye be having a bit of ale and cheese to spare, in turn for some work done?"

"I have just the job for you," said the lady of the house. "I was about to churn some butter. Could you do that job?"

"Of course," said he. "Lead me to it!"

As soon as the lady had shown the leprechaun the butter churn, she left to do some other chores in the house.

"Now why should I be tiring meself out, pumping it by hand? I'll just whip up a spell and get it done fast," he said to himself.

And with that he pointed stick at the butter churn, while making a sign with his other hand, and would you believe it? The churn began to churn. Up and down, up and down, slowly at first, then faster and faster, and all of a sudden the top came loose and the milk and cream started splashing onto the floor.

By this time the lady returned from sweeping the house. When she saw the mess she chased Lucky with the broom, screaming, "Get out of here, you good for nothing imp!"

Now what was Lucky to do? He'd still nothing to eat and hungrier by the minute. How about a solution from you kids?



*Help Lucky out!*

*Write your suggestions*

*to: Scian*

*% The Boreadeans Ltd.*

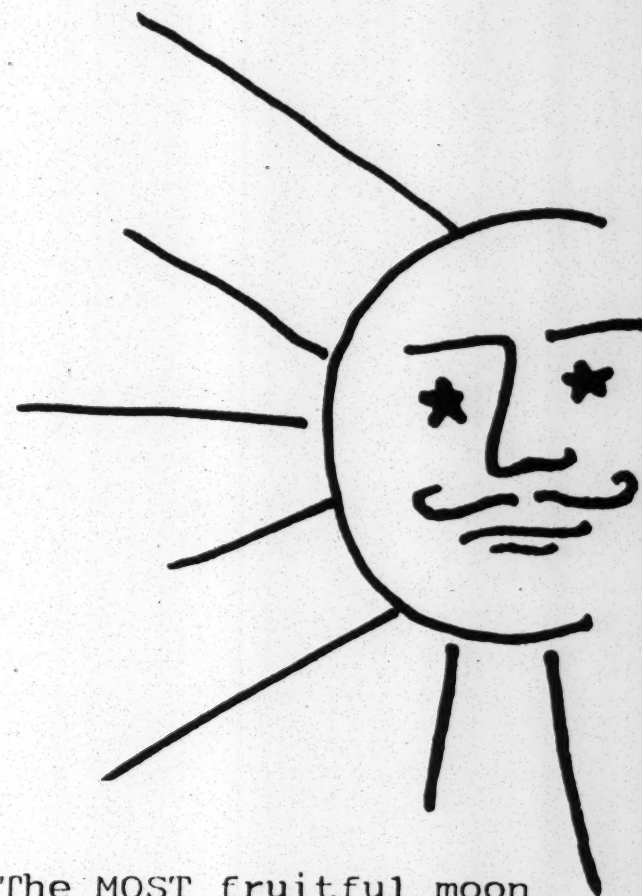
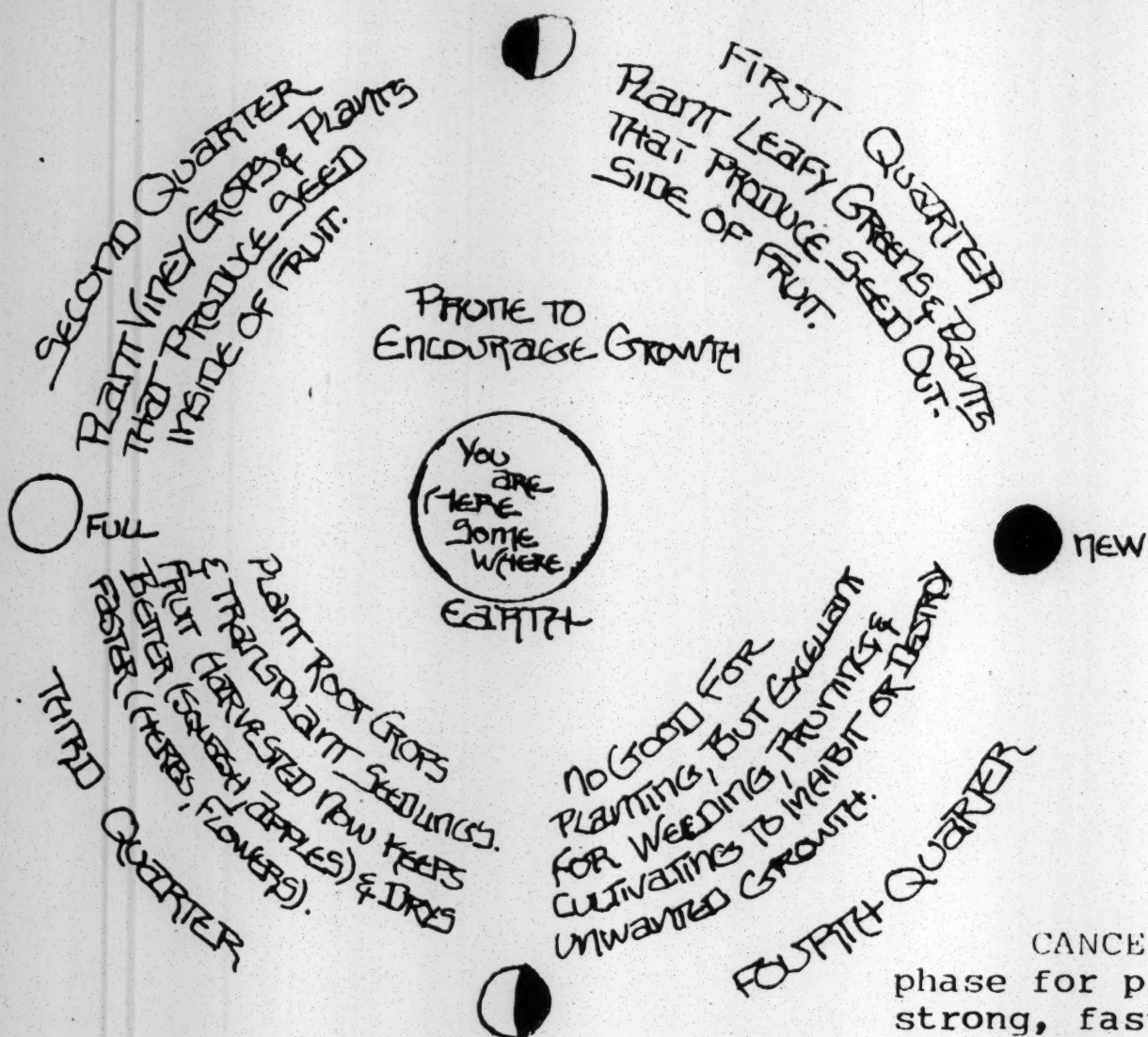
*802 Holcomb Street*

*Watertown, N.Y. 13601*

*and we will see that Lucky gets them.*







Actually the sun's light is only reflected back at us from one half of the moon's surface at any time -I've just drawn it as I see it from my place on the earth.

#### GENERAL RULES

Plant in appropriate astrological phases and lunar quarters, and avoid planting on days when the moon changes quarters. You may have to water more during firey and airey lunar phases. These are only general rules, and like all else in the universe, there some exceptions to these rules, as further research will show.

#### SIGNS & ASSOCIATIONS

**ARIES**- a barren fire sign, good for cultivating. Rules plants that single stalked and quick to seed like; nettles, fire weed, and other plants ruled by mars.

**TAURUS**- semi-fruitful earth sign, beneficial to root crops. A good time to harvest plants that store alot of nutrients in thier roots; beets, violets, and maple syrup.

**GEMINI**- a barren air sign, good for cultivating. Rules plants with alot of vascular tissue; celery, impatiens, and elm.

**CANCER**-The MOST fruitful moon phase for planting, usually producing strong, fast growing, large leafy plant with high water content. Frequently rules the plants governed by the moon; melons, gourds, and squash.

**LEO**-The MOST barren fire sign, cultivate to inhibit or destroy unwanted growth. Rules plants governed by the sun; chamomile and st.johnswort.

**VIRGO**-a barren earth sign, although some viney plants such as grapes and morning glories, and grains and grasses are planted in this sign.

**LIBRA**-semi-fruitful air sign ofte associated with beauty is frequently used for planting flowers. However, being semi-fruitful, the flowers don't always produce seeds. Rules mints, legumes, and many Venus plants.

**SCORPIO**-second most productive sign, associated with reproduction and intensity, produces strong, regenerative plants. Rules many Mars plants and those that are dark leaved and heavily scented; basil, and garlic.

**SAGITTARIUS**-associated with fruit it is sometimes used for planting fruit, but is usually considered barren. Rules plants with large fruit or large seed dis persal systems.

## A LUNATIC'S GUIDE TO GARDENING



CAPRICORN-a productive, sturdy, earth sign, beneficial to root crops as well as transplanting, some times used for imparting strength and drought resistance. Rules pig weed, comfrey, and other Saturn plants.

AQUARIUS-a barren air sign good for cultivation and cultivation. Seems to be associated with the base of plants and associated with resins.

PIESCES- a fruitful sign that rule the feet, and is said to produce more root growth, than top growth. Rules plants with moveable tops and water plants; nasturtium, aspen, and irish moos.

#### PLANETS & THEIR PLANTS

SUN-rules plants that range in color from yellows to red-oranges, and those that effect the heart and circulation; cayenne, calendula, chamomile, saffron, & sunflower.

MOON-rules plants that are the same color and shape as the moon; banana, melons, squash, lotus, gourds, and cucumbers.

MERCURY-rules plants that effect the nerves and have finely cut leaves; dill, caraway, licorice, marjoram, lavender, and parsley.

VENUS-rules plants with beautiful flowers and favors red fruit; columbine, daisy, vervain, ladies mantle, raspberry, and some roses.

MARS-rules plants with thorns and strong flavors; garlic, wormwood, gentian, nettle, basil, and tarragon & woodruff.

JUPITER-rules nutritious fruits and nuts, and plants with pleasant flavors; sage, linden, jasmine, hyssop, dandelion and agrimony.

SATURN- rules plants that have a cooling effect, show rings of growth, or have poison or narcotic effects; aconite, henbane, barley, beets, comfrey, and pine.

The three outer planets were discovered after the seventeenth century, so no comparable traditions exist. Uranis is said to rule clovers and oxalis, Neptune is said to rule waterplants, and Pluto governs the pitcherplant.

These are some of the long established traditions surrounding occult properties of plants. Working with the earth is one of the most creative acts we can perform. Making proper use of planetary influences whenever possible can make gardening more successful

and rewarding in terms of the health and abundance of crops and harvest.

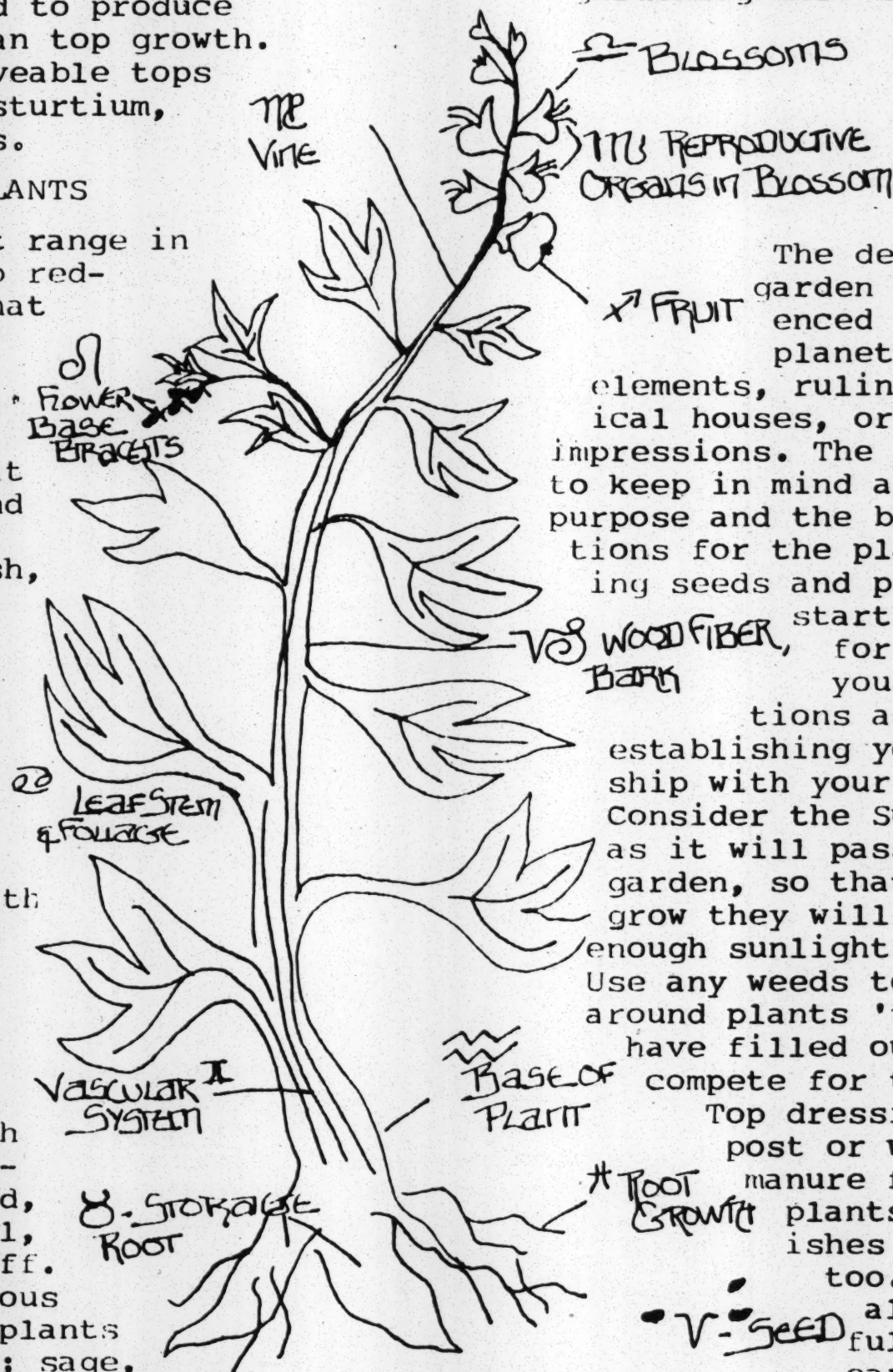
The design of your garden may be influenced by ruling planets, colors, elements, ruling astrological houses, or your own impressions. The main things to keep in mind are your own purpose and the best situations for the plants. Blessing seeds and plants before starting is good for centering your own intentions as well as

establishing your relationship with your charges. Consider the Sun's path as it will pass over your garden, so that as plants grow they will still have enough sunlight or shade.

Use any weeds to mulch around plants 'til they have filled out enough to compete for their space. Top dressing with compost or well rotted manure feeds the plants and replenishes the earth too. Most of

all, be thankful to the earth who has

mothered the plants, the moon who has guided your plans, and all the planets who have given their own benevolent influences, and visit often to enjoy the beauty and magic of your very own lunatic garden.





# I AM GODDESS

A fire litany in three parts  
by DEA

The Fire litany was  
begun in the Brigid  
Féilhad Issue. The  
final segment appears  
at Lughnasad.

## Part II

I am the essence of the temple,  
The soul of Self.  
Where change is, I, too, am there,  
And life is change.  
I know the temple,  
For it was to me that it was  
dedicated at birth.

I will go into the temple of my  
Self  
To see, there the woman newly born  
I enter with awe for the change in me.  
It is odd - this feeling of change -  
Almost a lonesomeness for childhood,  
A sudden realization of others -

as Others.  
I am Goddess.

I am the womb of Motherhood:  
The sheltering force of the World;  
The earth itself, draped in the  
Spectrum of the Gods;  
Drenched in sunlight & moonlight,  
tidewaters of the Holy Androgyne.  
My children are all things, all beings,  
The offspring of my ever-pregnant  
Self





I enter the sphere of non-selfish  
involvement.  
To learn to cherish & protect,  
To nourish & to know  
That all my charges have purpose.  
I begin to see my own purpose  
more clearly,  
For I, too, am the Great Mother.  
I am Goddess.



I am the Lutter of the Cord  
Who gives the gift of Her children  
to the world.  
For in too much shelter, too much  
protection, lies a prison.  
And my children must be free-  
to roam the earth & tend my  
garden.  
Some see me as the stone.

I go deep into the bowels of the earth  
To seek the truth of letting go  
of treasured moments,  
Of the children of my body,  
Of the creations of my mind.  
For this is the most difficult of the crowns  
of womanhood:  
To know that the answer lies  
within myself. I am still growing

I am Goddess.



# The Book Worm

by DEA

Arthur S. L. Brown has, in "The Origin of the Grail Legend," given us a remarkable piece of research work. If you cannot believe his hypothesis, then it is one of the best works available on the legends connected with the Grail and the ancient stories of the Irish people. If you can see the point, you have gained some truly great insight into one of the greatest mysteries of our world.

The book begins with a short introduction on the subjects of the book. He follows this with an encapsulated version of the Serglige ConCulaind, and Irish legend concerning the sick-bed of Cu Chulaind, which he calls, "the most comprehensive ancient Irish Journey to Fairyland story."

He details why he feels that the Grail stories of Cretien de Troyes must have originated in the Celtic tales of the intermixing of Faerie Folk with humans. With care and very convincing arguments, he develops the theory, using a number of the Celtic tales and shows where Arthur, Madb, Morrigan and many others are involved.

His knowledge of the ancient manuscripts is extensive and he trips about through the *DIINNHECHAS*, the *ECHEA NEAI* and *CAIN BO PRAIC h(notcumas)* as if he had spent his life there.

Brown traces similarities between the Irish palaces of the *fid* and the palaces of the Parceval stories, remote parallels between Irish and the Brittany French Welsh and British lore.

Many of the characters who appear in human form in the legends appear in Brown's book to assume a new character, half human, half Faerie,

allowed to exist in the human form, but actually both. He gives fine reasoning why the time of the Grail searches and Round Table of Arthur could not have taken place on earth, per se, because of time problems involving the length of peacetimes during the tale.

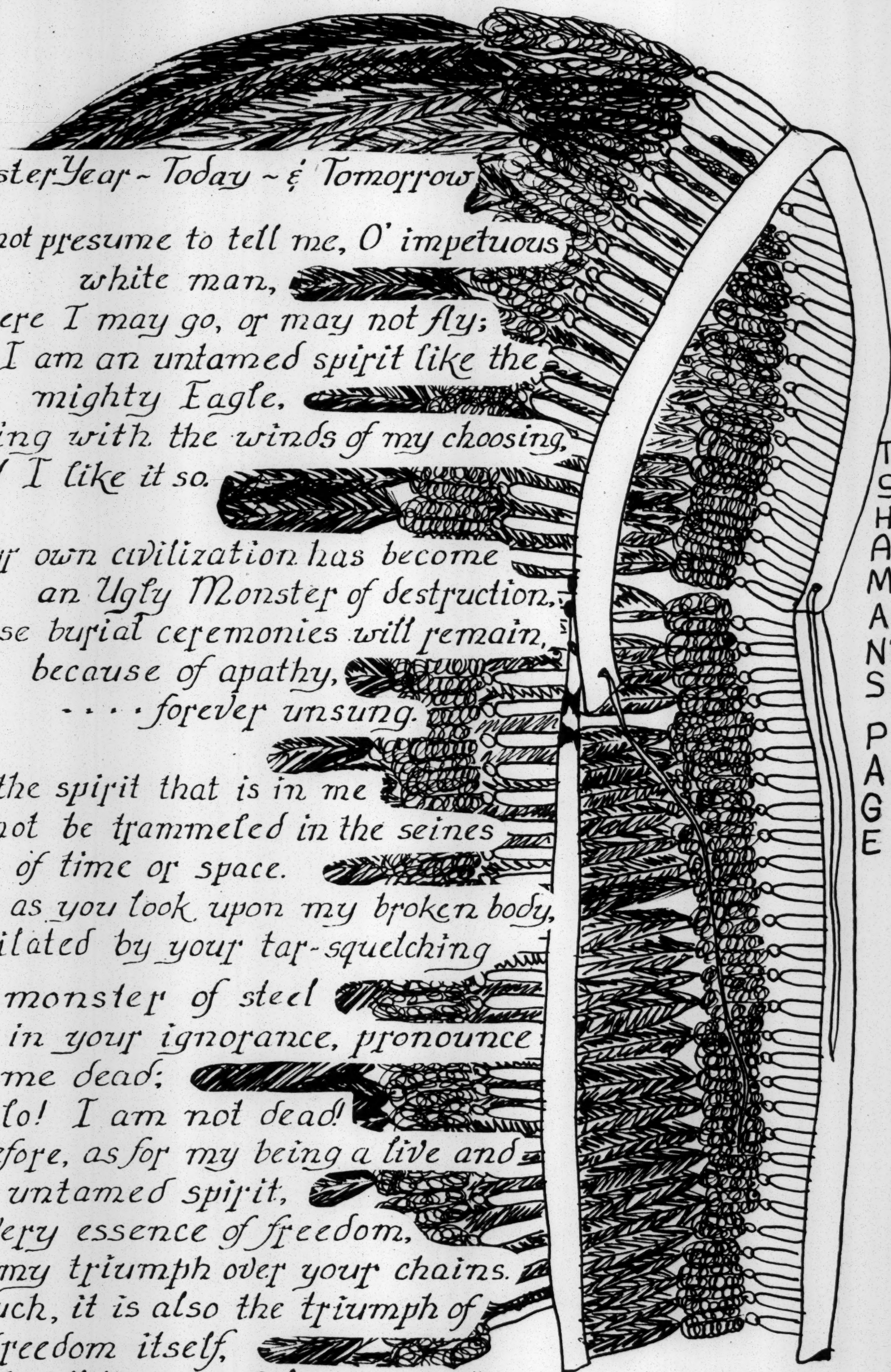
For many reasons I recommend the book to all those who have any interest in the Grail legends. The extensive research required to produce such a book speaks of a careful man undertaking a labor of love.



*Patron of Mothers  
St. Anne prayed for twenty years,  
I have prayed for none.  
She finally gained a daughter,  
While I have many sons.  
I find the ones who need me.  
I give them all my time.  
I take them to my shelter;  
where I serve them bloody wine.  
They take the bread I offer;  
It's devoured with lustful greed,  
But not one seems to notice  
That I never give them meat.  
Saint Anne, I'm your namesake.  
Please, be kind to me.  
Like you, not like your daughter,  
known for her virginity,  
I'll always be a mother,  
Though never shall I wed,  
For they all become my children  
When I tuck them in my bed.*

*Aine*





Yester Year ~ Today ~ & Tomorrow

Do not presume to tell me, O' impetuous  
white man,  
Where I may go, or may not fly;  
For I am an untamed spirit like the  
mighty Eagle,  
Flying with the winds of my choosing,  
And I like it so.

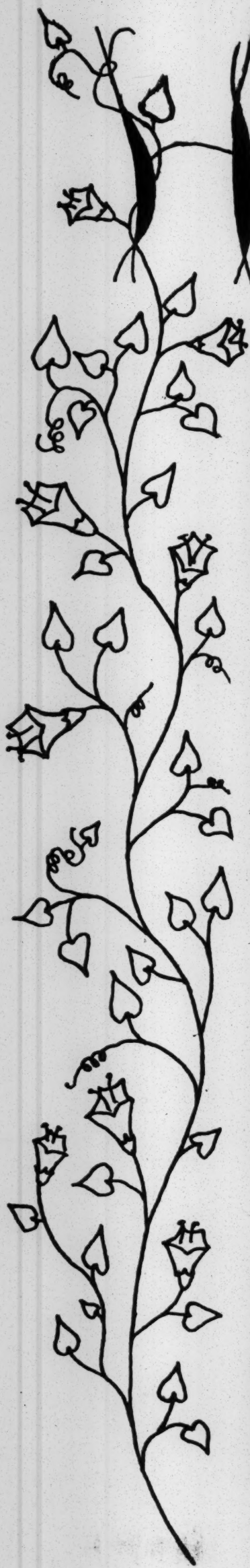
Your own civilization has become  
an Ugly Monster of destruction,  
Whose burial ceremonies will remain,  
because of apathy,  
... forever unsung.

For the spirit that is in me  
Cannot be trammelled in the seines  
of time or space.  
Even as you look upon my broken body,  
Mutilated by your tar-squelching  
monster of steel  
And, in your ignorance, pronounce  
me dead;  
But lo! I am not dead!  
Therefore, as for my being a live and  
untamed spirit,  
The very essence of freedom,  
It is my triumph over your chains.  
As such, it is also the triumph of  
freedom itself,  
in all its peaceful essence.

The  
SHAMAN'S  
PAGE



# Hymn to Danu



THRU THE BRAN-CHES GREEN & LOF - TY, I HEAR DA-NU CAL-LING

SOFT - LY, CAL-LING ALL WHO ARE HER CHILD-REN TO COME & WOR-SHIP

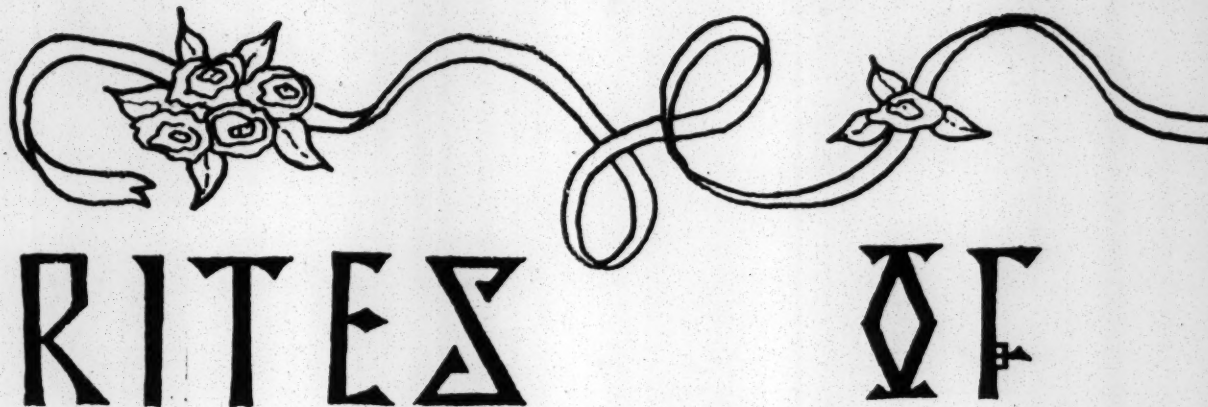
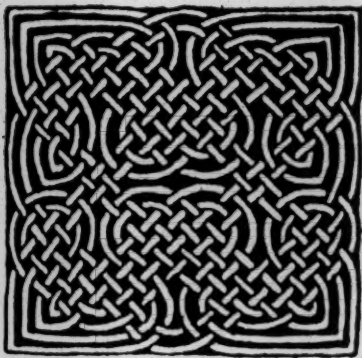
THERE. COME & CEL - E - BRATE THE FES - TI - VAL! SAB - BAT IS UP -

ON US! COME, NOW, OUR GOD-DESS FOR THIS IS YOUR



Handwritten musical score for "The Song of the Moon" in 3/4 time. The score is written on five systems of three staves each (treble, middle, and bass). The lyrics are: "RITE. DA - NU, AN - DRA - STE, LU - NA QUEEN OF NIGHT, COME, THOU, OUR GOD - DESS, GIVE US YOUR LIGHT! BE LO - VED MOR - GAN SCAR - LET AND GREEN, COME THOU OUR GOD - DESS FOR THOU ART OUR QUEEN. QUEEN." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. There are also handwritten annotations: "Chorus" above the first staff, "F" above the first staff, "A7" above the second staff, "Bb" above the third staff, "C7" above the fourth staff, "A7" above the fifth staff, "Bb" above the sixth staff, "F" above the seventh staff, "Bb" above the eighth staff, "F" above the ninth staff, and "1. F" above the tenth staff. The score is decorated with a large, stylized tree on the right side and a small tree on the left side.





# RITES OF

**T**he season of celebration linked with the first day of May is a long one. The precession of the Equinox has caused the slippage of time from May first to the present approximate date of March twenty-first of the actual equinox. It is therefore important to let those who have not already surmised, that May first was once the Equinoctial sabbat, and that it was celebrated only once in three years as a part of the cycle of celebrations we now call the eight sabbats of the year wheel. At the time of the three-year cyclical celebrations, there were only four to be done, and they were held every nine months. That would mean that if you were to celebrate the festival of February first as the number one of the cycle, then the next one would be celebrated on November first, or its eve. The third in the series would be held the following

August first, and the final sabbat, would occur on May first the following year. This would bring it to February first of the third year to begin once more the round. Many clues to this are left with us. One of them is that there still are three circles in some traditions. Another is the cycle of the three Goddesses.

The May first sabbat in the present is a beautiful time in the lives of the folk comprising the group entity. Music, dance, love, flowers, Maypoles, festing and a welcome to sunny days are all a part of most celebrations. This time harkens back to eras when life-giving crops were encouraged to sprout from the earth womb of the mother by groups known as fertility covens, young people whose loving in the furrowed fields was the most natural way in the world to show the crops how to grow.

The hunting God became less important at this time of the year than was the rampant horned God whose maleness would ensure the pregnancy of the Mother.

Also, in the time of celebration of this feast, the people got together to decide which of their sons and daughters might be advantageously presented at Lughnasadh for viewing by eligible members of the opposite sex and the parents of those people. A great amount of care was taken with the promising of one to the other that alliances might be made and lands shared.

Another prominent portion of time was allotted to the poetry and more clerical work of the Druids, whose duty it was to keep clearly in mind the geneologies of the clans, families, deaths and births as well as marriages of the people who lived in their areas of influence. This was done with poems and songs, and the meetings every two years when either the November or May festivals were held. The geneologies of the Celtic People go back to the earliest time as kept by these men and women. Schools which required twenty-one years to complete were the learning centers where the alphabets of the magical peoples, and all the histories, poems and stories of those peoples were learned from memory, for if books were destroyed the lineage of priests and the folk of the tribes would be destroyed.

One of the major features of the festival is the May Pole, still used by most groups, but mostly without knowing why, except that the weaving in and out is a marvelous combination of dance and game, and certainly is the type of thing which belongs a part of the spring festivities. For the Druids it symbolized the energies and ancient knowledges ascribed to trees themselves, combined with the energies of the earth. In

France, it was the custom if you could not find an Oak (not an outstanding feature of the Irish Druid communities), to go to the closest Herme and attach the ropes or ribbons to it and use it as the May Pole. It was the work of the Druids to know the ways and uses of all the tides of power and the May Pole and its attendant symbolism is the way they chose to leave us some of that heritage.

In later times, the Pole was garlanded by young people and the symbolism of the phallus finding its way into the womb of the Mother to impregnate the earth was unmistakable, so two meanings were given to the powerful ceremony.

In England, the Whitethorn, or Hawthorn tree was the focal point of the celebration and was called the May tree. The reason behind this again lay among the Druid mysteries. The Hawthorn was the upcoming season and the tree of the month you might recognize as approximately Gemini. It is a tree prominent in the Well mysteries of manhood throughout the Druid works. Like its astrological counterpart, the Hawthorn is a dual tree, although the good-evil aspect seems to have hung more on the Hawthorn-blackthorn relationship than on the Hawthorn alone. It is known among the people of the wells that where a Hawthorn is, a blackthorn will not be.

Since, in later times and apart from the Druid tree year, the May celebration marked the dividing line between summer and winter, a ceremony of some kind was required to state the turnover. This was what came to be known as the ceremonies of the Queen of the May. In coven activities, and for most groups, this time or the time of the vernal equinox, denotes the time of the lessening of male power and the onset of the Mother as queen of the Earth and fertility





# MAY

while the male becomes her consort and lover, perpetrator of Her pregnancy. The hunting season, when He is obviously king, is now over and the world awakens to the new fertility of summer. Thus, He becomes the King of the May and Her consort, returning as the newborn hunting god at the summer solstice and to power at the autumnal equinox or Hallows.

In the British Isles, the Morris dancers were particularly prominent at this time of year and the characters assumed by these people were usually reminiscent of the May King and Queen who looked on from their thrones and of the kings and queens of the May of years and centuries before.

The real King of the festivities is Baal, or Bel. He is a sun god, but also the god of fertility of the land. The center of his worship was Canaan, where he was the son of El. There are many stories of the worship which centered around him but some facts should be pointed out. As the fertility god he was the one who was slaughtered and his blood scattered across the fields to make sure of a good crop before the harvest season. We celebrate Beltain, or Belteine as the fires of Bel in the spring, for he then becomes the fertility consort of the Mother. But in Canaan it is in the winter when they needed aid against the waters that he was called to the aid of his people. Remembering that the climate is so very different there than here it is easy to see why some of the festival is different also. In the West his fires are leaped by cattle and couples alike, in order to make them fertile. A later reason for the custom came to be that the driving of livestock through the fire freed them from fleas and ticks. This may or may not be acceptable tradition.

Even as late as when they were in Ireland, at *Bron CROSH*, an autumnal festival, all young of every kind were

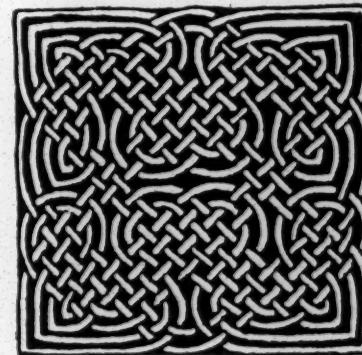
assigned to the possession of the god, Bel. This harkens back to when he was the father and protector of the people. In Cormac's glossary, an oft-quoted Irish manuscript of some antiquity, this god is called Bial, and it also states that on a certain festival day, "two of the young of every kind of cattle were exhibited as in the possession of Bel." It is easy to see his connection with the bull or aurix of the spring season. Later the same book says, "A fire was always kindled in Biel's or Bial's name at the beginning of summer (i.e. May Day), and cattle were driven between the two fires." Evidently the center for May worship was at *Upph145h* for Keating sets it there with the same details of the fires of Bel. Another source again placed these ceremonies at the season of *Bron CROSH*. It is my opinion that the confusion is present only because of the shift from the Near East sites to the Irish homeland.

The season of the May lasted about two weeks, sometimes three. It was usually a difficult trip for the families, for it was customary to hold only one main celebration in the country to which all the people were expected to gravitate and each festival of the cycle had its own special seat. Therefore, once in a three year period you would be home for the holidays.

The holidays were not only holy days and druid gatherings, but were great fairs, including games of strength, agility and mental awareness, and athletes from all corners of the kingdom would participate. Caber toss, still practiced at the games today, was one of the ancient sports, as were Hurley, stone tossing, tugs of war and games of chance. Chess tournaments, although the game had a different name at the time. There were games with throwing sticks and people who would tell your fortune. People would work the whole nine months making

beautiful items the like of which is not available in the modern world, just to sell at the fairs. There was food and more food, and togetherness unlimited. And while we're at it, the togetherness was enforced by a law which stated that whoever broke the peace of the games with an act of aggression would forfeit his life! At the same time, many prisoners were pardoned, especially political prisoners.

What was and still is the point of all this? Well, it is said that the Paerie Folk came to earth on the first of May and that they left again on the eve of Hallows. In manuscripts from various countries where the gods are venerated as the pantheon of twelve, this legend is repeated time and time again, sometimes differently couched, but the same legend. To these statements about the visit, are added the stories of how the gods detailed that they would like to be treated by their followers. The requirements are the same as they have been throughout the world of Druidry, Witchcraft and hospitality throughout the ages and include the circle squared as you will still be doing it on May first of this year, when most of the manuscripts are dust and ashes; but the gods are still alive.





SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			April 29	Saille 15 Gathering of the Clann	Saille 16 Oidhche Bel Celebration 8:03PM Portals opened	Saille 17 Yearly Progress 12:00 baptism 3:04PM
2 Saille 18 Poet's Picnic Noon Competition 2:00 PM Awards: 4:30	3 Saille 19	4 Saille 20	5 Saille 21	6 Saille 22	7 Saille 23	8 Saille 24 Full Moon All Courts Opening Manhood rites 8:10PM
9 Saille 25	10 Saille 26	11 Saille 27	12 Saille 28	13 Uath 1	14 Uath 2 Beginning of Men's Mysteries.	15 Uath 3
16 Uath 4	17 Uath 5 Men's Mysteries Noon.	18 Uath 6	19 Uath 7	20 Uath 8	21 Uath 9	22 Uath 10 Dark Moon Knighthood of the Grail 8:29 PM

### MAY CELEBRATION SCHEDULED

We are well into our plans for the celebration of the May mysteries at this point. Here is the schedual if you are racking your brain on how you may set things up to get it all done.

April 18: Saille 4- Testing for degrees and sabbat.

(All participants are tested on their knowledge of the mysteries behind the sabbat and it is necessary to pass the tests to be admitted to ceremony.)

April 23: Saille 9- Men's sun celebration at dawn, 5:02 A.M.

Dark Moon celebration and initiations at sundown, 6:55 P.M. here.

April 25: Saille 11- New Moon, Outer Court only, 6:57 P.M.

Daylight savings time begins

April 29: Saille 16- Gathering of the clann.

April 30: Saille 16- Celebration of An Baul Hinne, or Oidhche Bel, 8:03 P.M.

May 1: Saille 17- Open the portals in ceremony night be-

fore and use as focus for beginning of yearly progress. Baptism of children at sundown, 8:04 P.M.

May 2: Saille 18- Poet's Picnic at noon with competition set for 2:00 P.M. Awards given in ceremony at 4:30 P.M.

May 8: Saille 24- Full Moon, all courts to celebrate the beginning and blessing of the mysteries of manhood.

May 14: Uath 2- Men leave for retreat at sunrise. Women gather for retreat of the Grail Princesses at sundown.

May 15: Uath 3- Weaving Day.

May 16: Uath 4- Women eating lightly in preparation for fast from sundown until after ceremony Uath 5. Preparation of food for the celebration.

May 17: Uath 5- Celebration of Men's Mysteries at noon in the country. Women meet at 11:00 for morning exercise and trip.

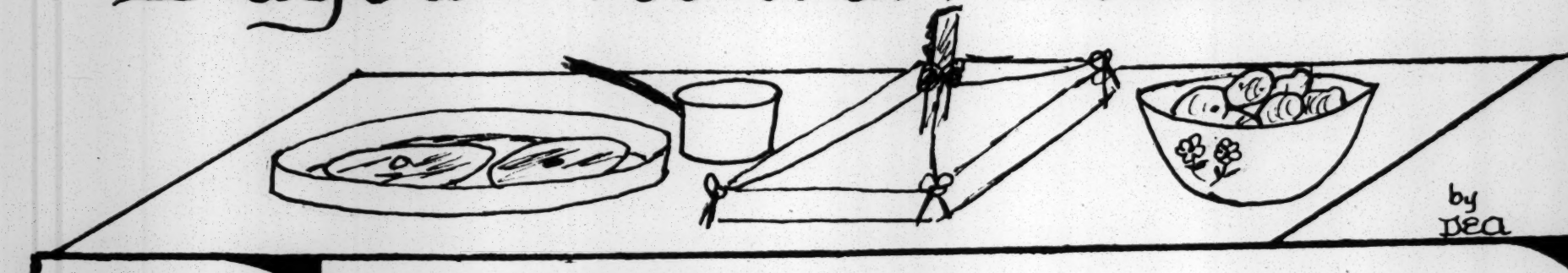
Feast following the ceremony and home at sundown.

May 22: Uath 10- Men's sun celebration at dawn- 5:24.

Dark Moon celebration and knighthood for Grail seekers with Courts. 8:29 P.M.



# Dagda's Festival Cauldron



or all of you who will be indoors or can figure out a way to do this great meal out of doors, here is a ham dinner for one or a group. I am happy to have as my assistant chef in this endeavor, the Scian himself, who is one mean man with a cauldron and ladle. Any man who can cook a meal with a group of boy scouts around him has got to have some cooking skills!

We begin with a large slice of ham for every two persons. This ham is great for the next day, too, so if you are only one you can make two day's meals out of this.

## HAM SCIAN

1 slice ham for each two people.  
1/3 cup mustard  
2/3 cup brown sugar each slice  
milk to cover.

Place ham in baking dish. Set oven to 350°. Mix mustard and brown sugar in a small bowl. Spread over the ham slices and pour milk in around the edges up to the top of the meat, but not to cover as yet. Add the rest of the milk before baking.

Set aside. Twenty minutes before serving, bake in 350 oven. (Don't forget to add the rest of the milk to cover (just) before baking.)

## POTATOES EMANIA

Two medium potatoes per person

chives to suit  
1/2 cup flour  
salt and pepper to suit  
grated cheese of your choice  
(I have made these with every conceivable cheese)

butter MILK - Add  
celery salt after lay-  
garlic powder ering.

Layer potatoes in casserole with other ingredients. Potato slices should be as thin as possible here. Ingredients given are for one person.

Add milk until you can see it through the layers of potatoe.

Bake at 350° for one hour before putting ham in the oven. (Hint: bake on cookie sheet to prevent your oven from suffering from overflow.)

## EARLY PEAS

I guess it would be early for peas! But you can get a great "early peas" effect with the canned tiny peas which are so tender. Just do not leave them on the stove for too long or warm them at high heat. When you put your ham in the oven, set your stove on WARM and set peas over in a small saucepan to warm. Stir them but be careful not to crush!

## LADY CAKE

This is a beautiful cake and is the ideal desert for May Day celebration. It is a variation on an old Good Housekeeping recipe and one of the few cakes I really enjoy. By the way, for these of you who enjoy decorating your cakes, this is a joy to work on.

2 1/2 cups flour (says cake flour but I use regular)  
3 teasp. baking powder  
1 teasp. salt  
4 med. egg whites  
1/2 cup granulated sugar  
1/2 cup shortening  
1 cup granulated sugar  
1 cup plus 2 tblsp. milk  
1 teasp vanilla extract  
1/4 teasp. almond extract  
1/4 teasp. brandy extract

The final two extracts are

optional but do make the taste of the cake.

Heat oven to 375°. Grease and dust with flour, 2-9" cake pans or one 13x9x2" pan.

In small electric mixer bowl (mixer on high) beat egg whites until foamy. Gradually add 1/2 cup sugar, beating only until mixture holds soft peaks. Set aside. In large bowl, with mixer at medium, mix shortening and sugar about two minutes. At low speed or blend, beat in alternately (just until smooth), flour mixture in fourths and combined milk and extracts in thirds; then thoroughly beat egg white mixture into batter. Turn into the pans and bake 25 minutes or until toothpick or cake tester comes out clean. Cool.

This cake is good with whipped cream from the can or frosted and decorated with a large white candle, lit, to represent the May pole. I add whiteribbons tied about half way down and spread out around the sides and ends of the cake.

## THE TOPPER

As at most sabbats, we have a bottle of Irish Mist or some Old Bushmill's to pass in cordial glasses after the meal. This is expensive licquer, so don't expect to serve just that if you are all heavy drinkers. We drink little and sing a lot, so it does not become too costly.

Well, there you have another feast! Hope you are enjoying these. We are trying each one before passing it on to you and we are enjoying it very much indeed. As the Betty Crockers of the occult world, we salute You. Have a great feast!



# The Fool's Journey



# The Druid Tarot



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# Phelan, Lady's Champion

**A**cross this country, today, there seems to be a great need to return to the ways of our ancestors. Religiously, medically, in the worlds of farming and in the rites of dress and battle, young and old alike are finding their way back to the more natural ways of life. I heard a young man say, not long ago, that he could see no honor in war any more. It seemed to him like the countries sat behind their walls figuring out the best way to destroy the other country's wall. How much better if we could return to the ways of our forefathers, and if war was necessary, fight one man to the other and chivalrously. Well, perhaps there is an answer.

**T**he vehicle for this phenomenon is an organization called The Society for Creative Anachronism. There are many chapters of the Society from coast to coast, each with varying numbers of members, codes of dress and settings (both time and nationality). But the most important detail is that of honor. Chivalrous honor.

**S**everal of the young people who study here at the Mother house are involved in a chapter of the Society and in late March we were invited to attend a tournament being held in a town in northern New York. Having heard about the Society during the Renaissance Faire last year, I was very anxious to wet my feet, so to speak.

**T**wo of our students were to participate in the tourney which would decide who was to be the next champion of their "shire". Many of the folk of the shire are of Jap-

anese persona (the title given to the characters taken by folk as they enter a chapter), but our own Druid students had decided to go as Irish folk to celebrate the fact that they have decided to form an Irish household within their shire. I should explain that you may, of course, take last names which would have been known in the area from which you chose your persona, but you must also create a factitious name and situation for your character so as not to have to carry out the actual happenings surrounding the actual person. You must create a coat of arms and a badge and your own colors.

**O**ur group have created a very good situation and the names are well thought out for the area in which their drama is based. Phelan McDermott is a Scot who is champion to a lady of northern Ireland, whose lands are being over-run by Vikings. He defeats the Viking in a one-to-one combat and convinces him to lay claim to the lands of Phelan's lady, Fionna, so that other Vikings would not attack them. All three of our students are well versed in Irish lore and their costumes and weapons are as authentic as may be when the requirements of the Society are met. Three inches of padding must cover weapons, while all participants in the tournaments must wear some version of armor. Phelan had just finished a beautiful shield of spun steel when we arrived, and by Sunday the shield was green with a silver leaf, and the envy of each and every combatant.

**B**ecause he really is as chivalrous as he is supposed to be, the shield was loaned that day to many of the participants. The armor consists of any-

thing from hand made chain mail to pieces of rug, all in the cause of a good tourney without injury to the fighters.

**B**oth our men students fought that day. Before they went out onto the field, Phelan came to seek a favor of me. No magic may be used among or for the contestants, but a knight may ask a favor of a lady. I gave him a woven head-garland, twin to my May garland, and charged by my own hand. I told him he was the Lady's champion and to fight with honor.

**A**nd fight with honor he did. Both our men were full of pride when, at the end of the day, only two others had bested them, and there was still the decision to be made as to the most chivalrous of the top four contenders, that being as much a part of the final choosing as the tournament. Fionna and I sat or stood nervously as everyone packed gear and bade goodbye to the friends they had just fought.

**A** day or two later I received a call from Phelan to say that he had been chosen shire champion. I could understand that, remembering times when he threw down his shield because his last blow had caused the loss of his opponent's, because of his quiet courtesy to the warriors as well as the ladies of the shire, the loan of his shield to others, and the love of his lady, Fionna. But most of all, I would like to think he really is the Lady's champion, for on Uath 5 he takes the men's mysteries and enters the Knighthood of the Hag's Grail.





Since this is the time of year when a young man's fancy whatever lightly turns to thoughts of love, we decided this might be a good time for a little "Oh, No, America" erotica.

Imagine, if you will, all you young men out there, finally, after twenty years in the Air Force and at the age of 58, finding the girl of your dreams and courting her for two blissful years to really get to know her. You find her a good companion, a good cook, a good housekeeper and seamstress. She was all you could wish for. Then you pop the question. You have respected the lady to the extreme of not debasing her morals by insisting on a trial marriage, or even a romp in the hay.

She accepts your proposal and, after you get marriage license and duly appear before the preacher, you are off on a whirlwind honeymoon.

The ideal romantic love you say? Isn't it just? Well, not quite as ideal as it looks. Yes, it's fine as far as we have gone, but there is more in store. You settle into your lovely honeymoon suite and pre-

pare for bed. She doffs her frilly negligee and you hop into bed. You finally consent to getting a mite closer than usual and then the bomb hits! Your lovely Rochelle is really a Rocky! Too late now, she/he tells you she/he is in the midst of a sex change and it will all be over as soon as \$5,800 is available to finish the work.

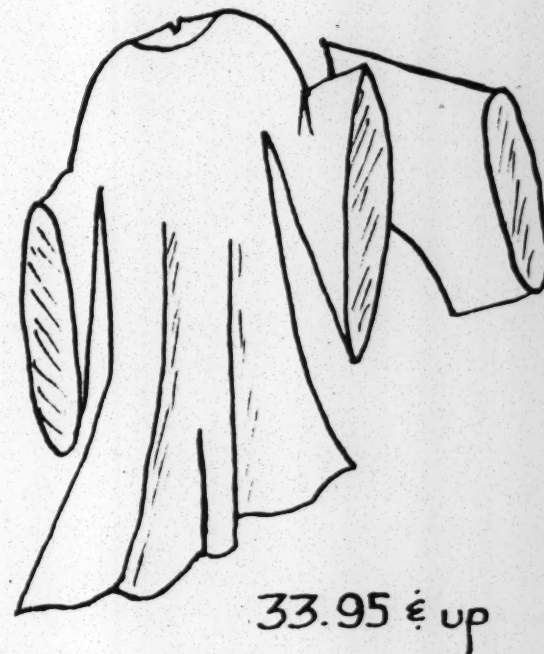
Can you imagine the consternation of Jack Young at this point? Are we kidding? Not at all. He really is in love with Terri, yet.

I say they both deserved what they got. The Puritan ethic of "no sex before the marriage and then quickly or it will be annulled because your conjugal duties had not been fulfilled," is "bunk!" Remember, what you try is what you get and the percentage of marital problems caused by the above mode of thought is staggering! So try it out before you find out the one you love is not who you thought you loved.

Of course, this applies to both of them. How could twenty-seven year old Rochelle know her husband would be so straight?

Our **HATA** off to our second "Oh, No, America" award winner for his straight moral laces!

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# GODS & MINDS

*Gwyddion*

## *Witchcraft ~ Religion or . . . ?*

The rhythm of the sacred day begins with a new sense of renewal. Each day is holy, and all of life is sanctified through acts of worship. Black Elk, a Lakota Sioux, spoke of the sense of such acts of devotion in, "Black Elk Speaks: Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Oglata Sioux," where he says (pg. 39), "My day, I have made it holy." So, too, the Hebraic Psalmist in Psalm 118:24, "This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

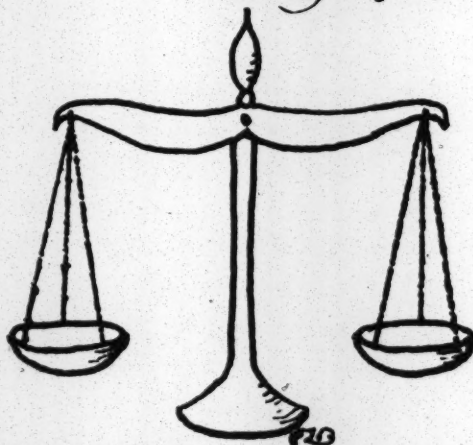
Religion, per se, has been with man from the very earliest times and is as universal as language. People everywhere have some conception of a super-empirical or non-ordinary reality, such as gods, demons, impersonal forces, etc., that they believe governs or influences human existence, but the mere presence of religion in every society does not prove that it is an essential feature of human society, or that humans are inherently religious. In fact, religion has become problematic in our modern times because of secularism. Look to France's Cult of Reason, in her Reign of Terror (1793-4), 20th century Marxism and the scientific penchant of society (western) in general. Yet given even these terms, religion remains a vital part of human existence. Why? "What is the meaning of human life, or of organic life altogether? To answer this question at all implies a religion." (A. Einstein)

The ubiquity of religious experience suggests that human beings have a kind of inner capacity, even an inherent desire, for experiencing the world as sacred. In "Religion Without Revelation," Julian Huxley, a biologist, maintains that humans have an inherent or innate capacity for an experience of holiness. "Not only does the normal man have this capacity for experiencing the sense of the sacred, but he demands its satisfaction." (Huxley, pg. 110)

Like Huxley, Abraham Maslow argued for the naturalness and desirability of religious or what he labeled "peak experiences." Maslow maintains that transcendent or peak experiences are wide spread in contemporary society, even though many such spiritual experiences are wide spread in contemporary society, even though many such spiritual experiences occur outside the framework of traditional religion. In fact, for Maslow, such experiences are so widespread and natural that he comes to view "non-peakers" not as people unable to have such moments, but rather, as people who are either afraid of them or who suppress them. (Religious Values and Peak Experiences; Maslow 1964, pp. 19-29). Maslow believes that the core elements of the peak experience are common to both religious experience and those creative, self-expanding experiences that occur in art, love, and therapy. Transcendent experiences draw us outside ourselves and fill us with joy and a sense of communion with our world.

*"Man cannot get along without faith, and the highest ornament of any great civilization is the ethical system by which it lives. The strength of any such system lies in its ability to continue to serve as a moral force while adjusting itself to changes in man's knowledge about the universe & his place in it."*

*F. Clark-Howell in "Early Man"*



Do you believe that humans are inherently religious? Is religion essential to group life, like the motor is to the automobile, or is it dispensable, like a hood ornament? Do you agree that religious experience is an important dimension of human nature? Certainly many people long for an experience of holiness. Whether such a longing is innate, as Huxley suggests, or merely a response to oppressive socioeconomic conditions, as per Marxism, something in most of us desires to address the Universe and to receive an answer. As Robert Frost says in his poem, "The Most of It," (Complete Poems of Robert Frost, NY, 1964, pg.451):

"He thought he kept the Universe alone;  
For all the voice in answer he could wake  
Was but the mocking echo of his own  
From some tree-hidden cliff across the lake.  
Some morning from the boulder-broken beach  
He would cry out on life, that what it wants  
Is not its own love back in copy speech,  
But counter-love, original response."

Speculation on whether humans are inherently religious raises the question of our essential nature. Is it rationality that separates us from other living things? Are we the rational animal as per Aristotle, or is our uniqueness more the happy result of an inventive nature housed in a physical structure that allows us to fashion tools and make things? Are we primarily toolmakers and builders? If we are, on the other hand, inherently religious, perhaps we might think ourselves as religious beings. If so, can a person or a people be unreligious? Certainly there are those people who do not



believe themselves to be religious and there always will be.

Research during the last twenty years indicates that man is not the only rational and tool-making animal. Chimpanzees make tools and are being taught English even as I write. The intelligence of the dolphin (porpoise) is so remarkable that some scholars refuse to draw a sharp line separating them from humans and insist that dolphins and perhaps other animals are also human. This is further complicated by the possibility, even the probability that beings living on other planets may have human qualities (intelligence or creativity) that are manifest in tool-making, use of language systems and religious behavior.

Difficulties are inherent in suggesting an answer to the question of our essential nature; however, some persuasive reasons exist for thinking of man as a meaning-giving animal. Even if we are not alone in this characteristic, we do have a basic drive toward understanding our situation. The experiences of pain and pleasure are common to humans and other animals, but it is distinctively human to reflect on the reasons for the pain and the awareness that pleasure is leaving us. Humans die, as do all things, but humans are aware that they must die and only humans are aware of discrepancies in the world. The gap between what is and what should be presses humans toward resolutions of such discrepancies throughout what Max Weber regarded as "Systems of Meanings," or what Clifford Gurtz calls "Systems of Significance." Religious worlds of meaning are, in part, systems for resolving, or at least holding in creative relief, the ambiguities of human existence.

Humans have a biological nature, but they create a "second nature" e.g., they create culture, a complex of meanings and social relationships. A child is born of biology, but is raised in sociology (culture).

*"To the initiated eyes, every thing shows signs of God"*  
Schiller

Thus, humans have a history. Humans construct tools, develop language, formulate a world view and practice religion; they create society with its network of meaning. (See Marshal McLuhan, "The Meaning is the Message")

People live in this world of meanings as well as in the physical world. As Jesus observed, we do not live by bread alone. Bread and meaning, the physical and spiritual, are two parts of the human equation. Neither can be ignored without disastrous results. Humans find meaning and even societal survival through the secondary worlds they create, such as art, ideology, values and social structures. Religion, especially, can be seen as a meaning-giving activity. Certainly the religions of the world are some of the principle systems for getting a handle on life as a whole.

*"People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors."*

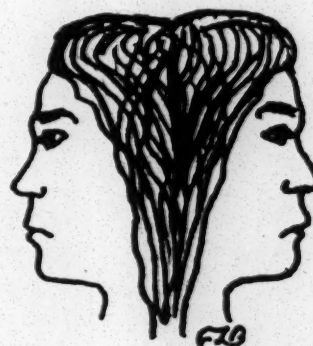
Edmund Burke

Even if humans are not inherently religious, they do produce worlds of meaning, including religious ones. Of course, from one religious perspective, religion is more of a divine revelation than a human creation. Without making a judgement as to whether religion is revealed or given by God, we can appropriately see religion as an expression of our need to structure and fashion a meaningful world in response to clues found in human experience. Religion is not the only way to give meaning to life, but it does represent an "ambitious attempt to give the universe significance." (Berger, Sacred Canopy, pg. 28). In this respect religion affirms that the cosmos has meaning and that human life is ultimately significant.

Now comes the difficulty; that of defining religion. P. W. Bridgeman in "The Logic of Modern Physics" (NY, 1961, pg.7), states

that, "The true meaning of a term is to be found by observing what a man does with it, not what he says about it." Religion is not a term that can be precisely delineated. It is a collective term that is applied to such a wide range of phenomena and conflicting beliefs that it may well be impossible, except arbitrarily, to provide a single principle by which it can be defined.

Religion is ambiguous itself. It addresses fundamental aspects of human existence, such as suffering and death, love and ecstasy. Such experiences are intense and personal. No definitions can exhaust their depth because they are mysterious and indefinable. Religion, like poetry, participates in the sphere of impassioned speech and the indefinable mystery of life; it seeks to set before us a view of life that is grounded in the ultimate structure of reality. For our purposes we will define religion as did E. B. Taylor as a "belief in Spiritual Beings." This definition states that most Westerners regard as the essential feature of religion. It is a defensive definition. For example, the major religions of the West share a monotheistic faith, and most, if not all, primitive societies give assent to the presence of powerful spirits or gods. However, belief in God or gods has not been central, if acknowledged at all, in at least four Asian traditions: Buddhism, Confucianism, Jainism and Taoism. Although some form of Mahayana Buddhism are exceptions to this generalization, it should be evident that, given our definition of religion as a belief in Spiritual Beings, these major Asian traditions would not, for the most part, be counted as religions.





At this point, my students are asked to define Religion for themselves. I suggest to them that they keep in mind these considerations:

1. Avoid a narrowly exclusive definition.
2. Avoid a too inclusive definition.
3. Take care that it is not blatantly biased or egocentric
4. Avoid definitions with a disapproving bias.

After they have written their definition of religion I read them. I see from them where they are, in their development. Then I ask them to compare it with other definitions. I usually initiate a discussion among the students and observe, intervening only to answer direct questions, keep them on the subject, or to change the direction of the dialogue. These produce interesting data and exchange of ideas.

"For most people it is a difficult task to do justice to the viewpoint of others when the spiritual issues of life are at stake." (W. Krist)

*"Put simply, this would imply that man projects ultimate meanings into reality."*

Berger

Is religion true or is it, as Feuerbach argues, illusory? Even though religion is, at least in part, a human creation, its images or projections need not be entirely illusory or subjective. From the perspective of religious belief, religious images result from an experience of a sacred reality, its ultimate meaningfulness exists in its own right. For Christians, God is encountered, not merely fabricated. Nirvana is, for Buddhists, an enlightening and liberating experience and not simply a psychological state. For Witchcraft people, the Gods are not only approachable but integrally a part of their human existence. Seen in this light, religious experience is an experience of reality as ultimate or sacred, and the forms that religion has taken - that is the different traditions - are, at least in part, responses to personal experiences of a sacred reality.. "Put simply, this would imply that man projects ultimate meanings into reality because his (man's) own

being (the empirical ground of these projections) contains and intends these same ultimate meanings." (Peter Berger, The Sacred Canopy, p. 180)

Because of the existence of many diverse religious traditions peopled by a multitude of different-minded adherents, the question, "Is religion true?" becomes, "What religion is true?". Contradictory truth-claims are voiced by different faiths but also by denominational and sectarian divisions within a single tradition. Religion is either a human response or a human invention. Either true or false. Perhaps both a response to holiness and a human invention. Whatever your choice in these matters, religion is a system of significance that provides humans with a way of getting a handle on what is ultimately real. As a world view, it provides a symbolic universe that enables people, individually and collectively, to get a feel for who they are and to whom or what they belong. Gurtz characterizes the heart of the religious perspective as the view that the "values one holds are grounded in the inherent structure of reality, that between the way one ought to live and the way things really are there is an unbreakable inner connection." (Gurtz, Islam Observed, p. 108)

*"Action, to be effective, must be within a spiritual framework."*

Yockey

We live in an unprecedented world community that is increasingly aware of other faiths. Their accessibility provides us with unparalleled opportunities for a more knowledgeable awareness of other faiths. The issue of the truths of religions or the truth of a particular religion is not easily resolved. I am not trying to achieve such a resolution, nor do I claim to possess a truth superior to what has passed for religious wisdom. NO systems of significance - philosophies or religious traditions - can entirely resolve the discrepancies of the human existence.

This text has defined religion as a seeking and responding to what is experienced as holy. It demands that religion be studied in itself or on its own terms as well as through the social and psychological functions it serves. Religion and religious experience should not be explained exclusively in terms of other elements of human existence. Although belonging to a Buddhist monastery provides security, the act of joining is intended to culminate in a religious experience called Nirvana. The question of what is believed and practised is at least as important as the question of how religion serves human needs.

Thus it is with Witchcraft. One begins this study with the assumption that each religious tradition has something of value to offer; that it is possible that truth is not confined to one religious tradition. Swami Vivekananda, a modern Hindu, claims to have experienced truth through various paths. "I accept all the religions of the past and I worship God with every one of them. Can God's book be finished? Must it not be a continuing revelation?" (In Ross, Asian Wisdom, p.9)

*"The inner future of the West contains many necessary developments such as the rebirth of religion."*

Yockey

This article has been intended as a ground work for future articles. It has been designed to explain, disturb and prod the reader into defining religion on his own terms; to make him question and search for answers. Is Witchcraft religion?

Most definitely, by definition, but like the man who joined the monastery above found, it is secure, but the act of joining is intended to culminate in a religious experience. If this doesn't happen to you, Witchcraft is not a religion to you. So, you decide and watch for religion and magic in an upcoming article.

Gwyddion



# A. Little About Me An Autobiographical Sketch of DEA by Our Lady of the Workload

Well, here I go to do the job I most dread - talking about me. But there are many of you who want to know who I am, what I'm about and why I am here.

No, I am not a group of people! Actually, Fergus and I live in a rather small apartment, redone in the style of a longhouse of ancient Irish fame. The apartment is in a house much like other middle-class houses on a small private street off busy State Street in the city of Watertown, famous for its snow and winters. As a matter of fact, my father has always said we have two seasons here in the North Country: July and winter. To be truthful with you, the seasons are very beautiful here and we have many lovely warm days from May through September and the fall and spring months have varying temperatures in the fifty to seventy-five degree range. I tell you all this because it is a part of my being that I love the changing seasons and the attendant colors and variety of bloom and gloom that go with them. I am a Gemini and I guess I could not live in a one-climate area for more than a few months.

Speaking of birth signs, I guess, for you people who are interested in charts, I guess I had better review mine a little for you. I have Taurus rising, a stellium in Gemini and a double Grand Cross involving Sun, Mars, Saturn, Neptune and Moon and Jupiter! There are those who wonder that I have ever done anything! As a matter of fact, as you can see by the accompanying chart, the only planets not involved are Venus, Mercury, Pluto and Uranus.

by  
DEA

I was born in Threasa, New York, near Alexandria Bay, heart of the Thousand Islands. The Indians called this area the "Garden of Manitou." I think there is more than an altruistic meaning behind that one, too, but that is another story.

For generations my mother's family had been musicians and I grew up with music. When school became college I attended Crane School of Music at the state college in Potsdam, New York, with majors in both concert piano and voice. In six months I was bored and had blood problems so I went home and never returned there for school. I later travelled the United States and Canada extensively as a jazz and Top Forties musician with several groups of my own.

Meantime, if you can believe I could get all this in, I married twice and had four children, now all grown, and one has made me a grandmother already. The three boys still live in the north while the youngest, a girl, lives in Florida where she works with a road group. Two of the three boys up here have a group called "Whirlwind" and I am sure you will hear more of them in the future. The oldest of the three boys is a disk jockey for pleasure

and works for a local branch of a company based in Utica. Bowling is his bag.

I later married a third time and my husband is in the U.S. Navy - career.

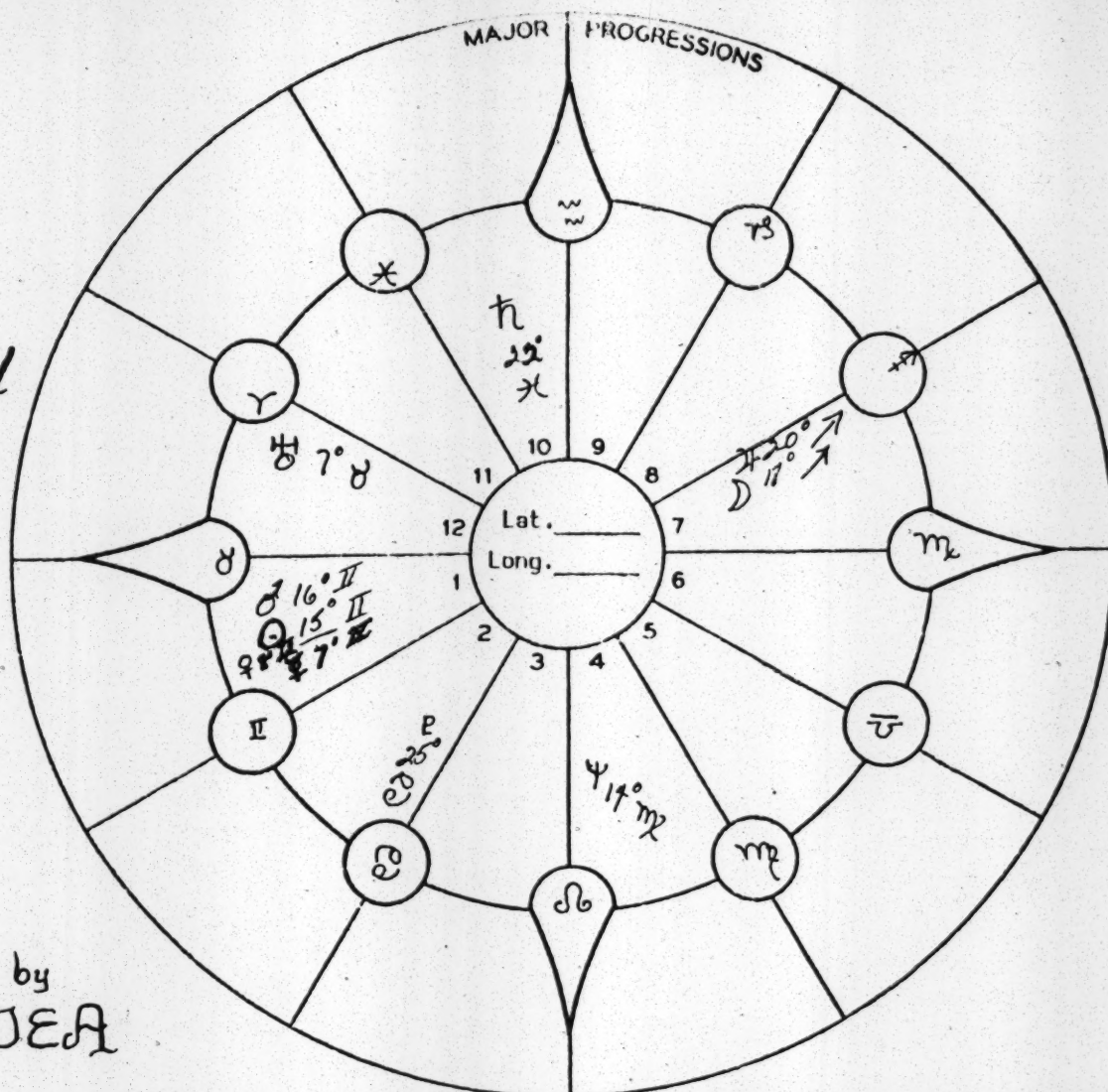
Through all this I searched for religious satisfaction. At the age of seven my father realized I was psychic and with care, began to cultivate that talent. For many years I did nothing to advance it myself, for a teenager growing up in the fabulous fifties was nothing, if not "in".

After the two marriages ended I became a part of the Rosicrucian order, studying as far as the Twelfth Temple Degree.

In 1968 I discovered Witchcraft and after two years I was initiated in New York by Hans Holzer, who was initiated in Europe.

Now, for those of you who consider family background a pre-requisite for actually being qualified for High Priesthood in the Craft, I suppose I should give my background.

My father's family is descended from the McKenna Lords of Truagh, clann of Loch Neagh, home of the O'Neil kings of Ireland with whom the inter-





married. Many of the McKenna Clann were heros both of ancient and modern day Ireland and, as the O'Neil were a cross-breed of human and Faerie stock, they were accepted at the Loch. Loch Neagh is a Faerie lake haunt and the McKenna Clann is presumed to be of that same stock. As a matter of fact, the name given by Lugh as he aided Cu Chulainn is an old spelling of the name, Mac Ethnenn. The McKenna were late in coming to this country and as late as my grandfather they were heirs apparent to the Irish estates of the McKenna Clann left in Ireland.

era of the DuGuesclin family tree appear in Murray's "Witchcraft in Western Europe."

The true story of the blue-beard figure, Gilles de Rais, will appear in the Alban Hefin issue of the Aurora Boreadean, as I think it needs to be told.

Now back to today!

At one point I went back to school and took two years of Anthropology and Philosophy, preparing myself for a degree. Only one project remained to be done in order that I might get my degree, and that was to write a term paper about my experiences and research. I never could write that paper and I do not yet have a

## "FAERIE BLOOD, THROWBACK OR DIRECT, IS AN OPEN-ENDED DEMAND FOR PRIESTHOOD." DEA

Aside from the historical by-fact that they are descended from the men who found the Comstock silver load (grandmother's side of the family), my mother's people were of the DuGuesclin family of France, Marshalls of the French army for generations and councilors of the kings. Probably one of the most oft-sung heros of France, Bertrand DuGuesclin, son of a French Faerie woman and a Moorish conqueror was in direct line to me through a Du Guesclin who came to North America with LaFayette and whose family settled along the St. Lawrence River as far south as Wellesley Island near Alexandria Bay. At the time of Bertrand's father and for three generations after Bertrand the males of the family all married into Faerie Clanns, producing an almost pure Faerie blood which has come down along with the ancient faith and, after laying dormant for four generations, has bloomed again.

One of the main figures in Bertrand's illustrious family and era was Gilles de Rais, Marshall of France, general and guardian to Joan of Arc, who was himself in the craft and a High Priest of Faerie Faith, to boot. He was much maligned and finally sacrificed seven years after Joan, a substitute for the king, as provided for in the divine rite of kings. The history of this, as seen by Margret Murray, and a copy of that

degree.

After my initiation in 1970, I found that Witchcraft was as matriarchal as Christianity seemed to be patriarchal; that is, as female oriented as the other majority religions are male-based. Although I was now a priest, I felt the balance was no more in the craft than it was in Christianity. I found the Faerie Faith beckoning and I answered. Today the Druid Faerie Clann is a growing entity of which I am proud to be a part. We train new priests in the religion here at the Motherhouse. We have many friends and associates around the world, and I wouldn't trade you all for anything. The Boreadeans, Ltd. is a business formed to aid the upward seekers of the Boreadeans to work where there is none of the vibration of the outside world, and one day it will support and belong to all of them.

I guess that's the story. The Knights Templars of my mother's family would, I am sure, be as happy with the work as would be the ancient folk of Loch Neagh, and to them I give salute; as to the Tuatha De Danann of Ireland, and those at Bri Leith in particular, I dedicate my life and love.

P.S. DEA is actually three initials, the meaning of which very few people know and I cannot reveal to the world.

# The Aurora Boreadean

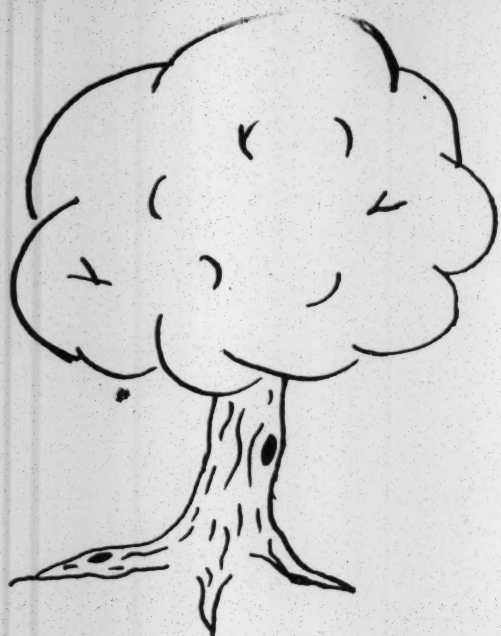
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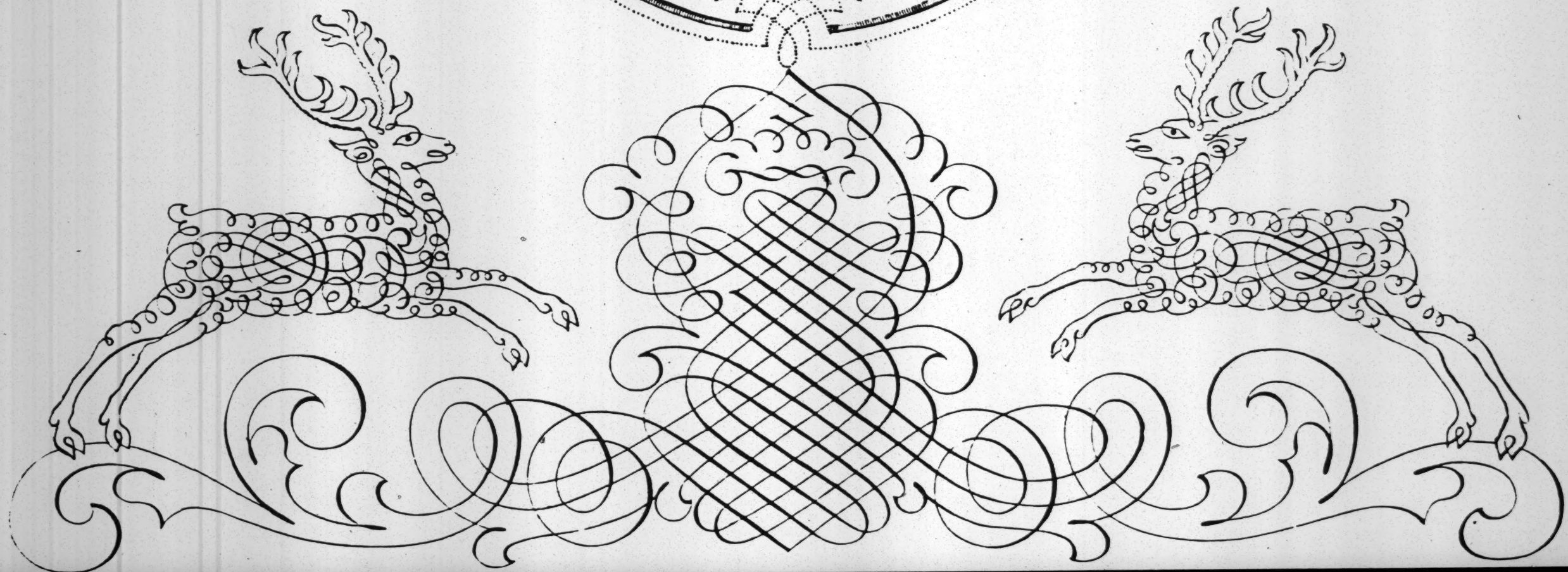
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ARTICLES  
BY  
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DEA,  
&  
GARMAN LORD







DEA

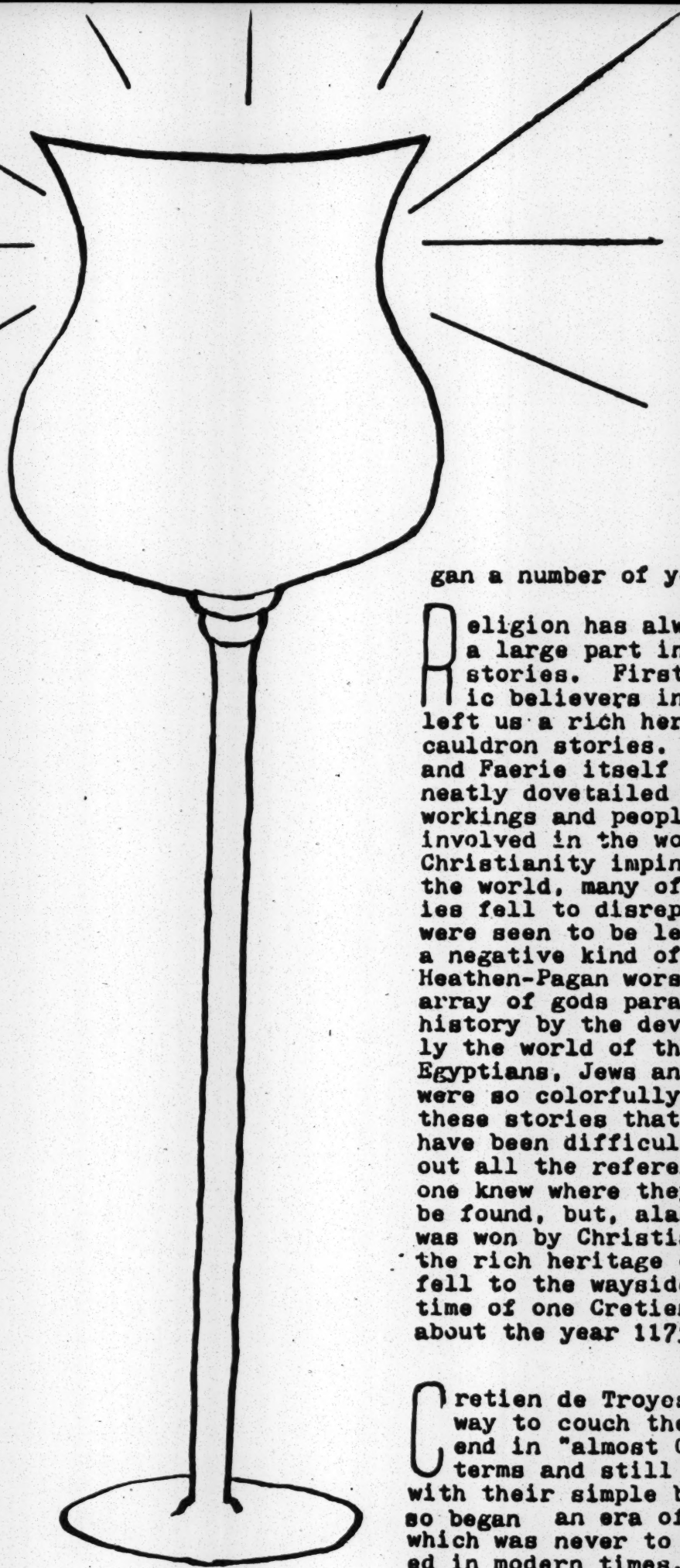


Since the dawn of man's inquiry about himself and the beginning of his looking toward higher goals, one or another form of the search for the Grail has been a legend lived, told and lived again. That it is and what is its purpose has held the fastination of man from earliest times. Ancient legends of almost every land along the path of the Celts from the Near East to Ireland are filled with elements and remnants of the Grail philosophy. In his book, "Origin of the Grail Legend," Arthur Charles Lewis Brown details many of these legends. Most of them have a very large content of Payerye; or, as we spell it today, Faerie.



Among our people the quest for the Grail is much more than a fantasy or a journey in the mind for it must begin there and extend far into the material world and return to a mind broadened in scope and perspective by contact with the Grail itself and the many and diverse parts of its "being."

In the past year this search has become a Knighthood shrouded in mystery and ceremony by our people, just as it was in ancient times. But the story of the new order of knighthood be-



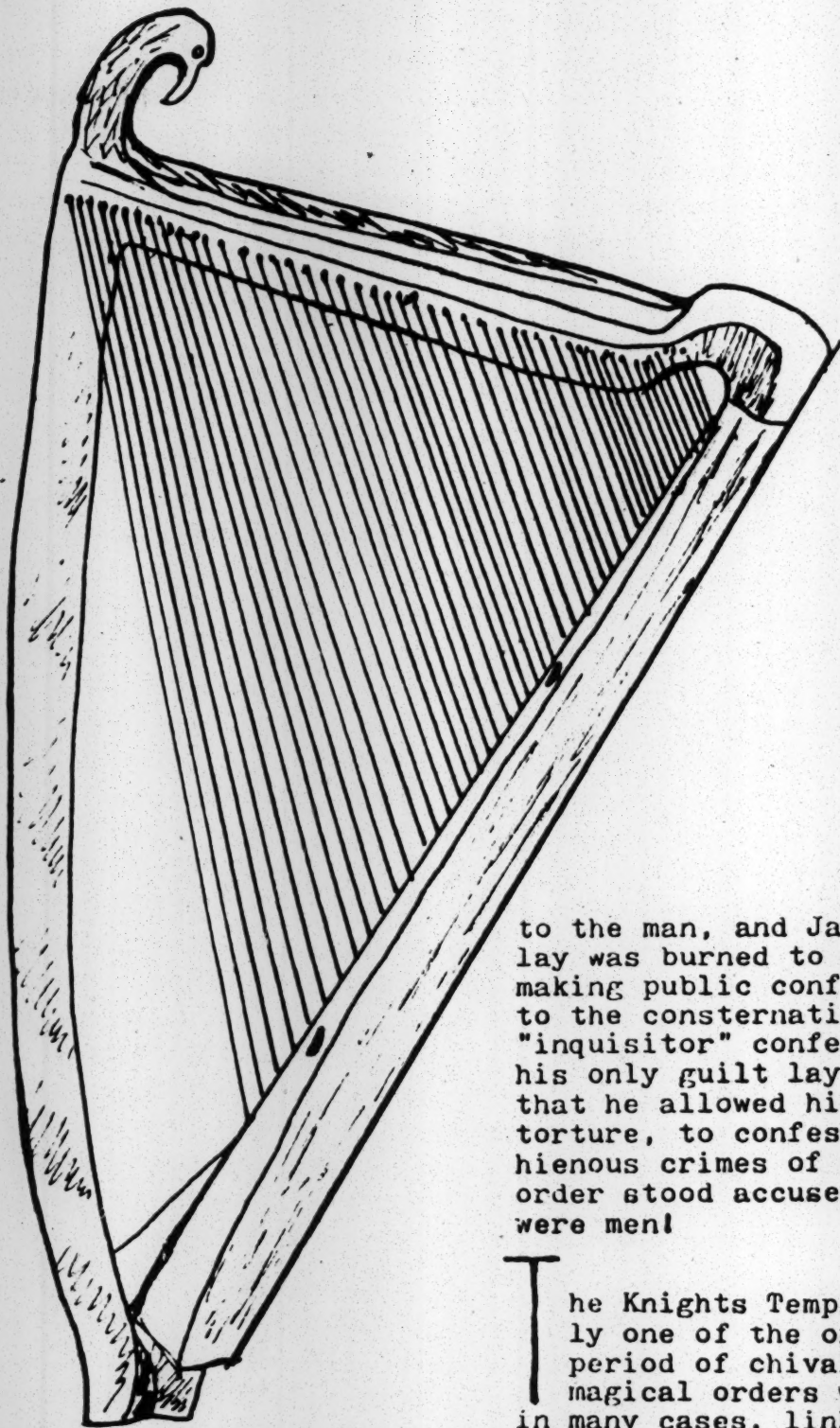
*Grail  
Knight*

gan a number of years ago.

Religion has always played a large part in the Grail stories. First, the Celtic believers in Faerie left us a rich heritage in cauldron stories. Cups, wells and Faerie itself were all neatly dovetailed to the Grail workings and people were often involved in the workings. As Christianity impinged upon the world, many of these stories fell to disrepute as they were seen to be leftovers of a negative kind of an era of Heathen-Pagan worship of an array of gods paraded across history by the devil. Actually the world of the Sumerians, Egyptians, Jews and Persians were so colorfully alive with these stories that it would have been difficult to stamp out all the references, if one knew where they were to be found, but, alas, the West was won by Christianity and the rich heritage of the Grail fell to the wayside until the time of one Cretien de Troyes, about the year 1175.

Cretien de Troyes found a way to couch the Grail legend in "almost Christian" terms and still inspire many with their simple beauty, and so began an era of Chivalry which was never to be paralleled in modern times. Orders of knights sprang up all over Europe, dedicated to the church and the sanctity of womanhood, chastity and the Grail. The Knights Templars were formed in about 1188 by Hugh de Payens of Champagne and eight of his companions. This was an order about which there still hangs an aura of mystery, and well there might, for they were the one order of knights who were dedicated to a priesthood older than Christianity or many types.





of paganism rampant then or now. They worked under the guise of guardians of pilgrims moving toward the holy city of Jerusalem and of those returning from their pilgrimage. Their secret was never revealed, even after their task was finished and members yet alive remained a part of the order only because they wished to remain a part of the truths established within it. A secret never revealed, even though, on the thirteenth day of October in thirteen hundred seven, 140 Knights Templar and their Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, were arrested and the property of the Knights was confiscated. For many years, the Knights were persecuted and tortured, but, although confessions to the most ridiculous actions were extracted by these infamous tortures, the Knights held out

to the man, and Jacques de Molay was burned to death after making public confession (much to the consternation of his "inquisitor" confessors) that his only guilt lay in the fact that he allowed himself, under torture, to confess to the heinous crimes of which the order stood accused. These were men!

The Knights Templar were only one of the orders of the period of chivalry. The magical orders which were, in many cases, linked to the Grail work as well as knight-hood, were later in inception, although many of them had their origins in these first renewers of the Grail tradition. Now, however, there was new interest in the magical pursuits which caused the upheavals during the fourteenth, fifteenth and early sixteenth century. Ever interested in the forbidden, man has to seek truth and knowledge where he is most likely to find adventure, and thus, his incursions into the field of Rosicrucianism, Masonicism, and many others, all, mysteriously, linked to a peculiar Hebrew tradition called the Kaballah.

Now the Hebrew people, themselves and in general, know little of the inner mysteries of the ancient ways of the Sepher Yetzirah or the Zohar, the books of

discussions on their early mysteries; or they simply do not tell. It may be that, justly, they do not wish to discuss their inner teachings. But there were those who were able to go to the old books, translate and derive a certain amount of sense from the work. It is a remarkable thing to me, however, that moderns who have nothing more than a simple wish to do something magical have begun to actually practice the workings of this discipline.

But I digress. The new and magical orders grew up and began to degenerate, losing their purity until only a few actual initiates were left and the hierarchy had degenerated to the drug-consuming and sexual abuse cults of Crowley, excepting, of course, the great mystery school the Golden Dawn once was. It, too, however, had succumbed to the machinations of the "Great Beast" and all was down hill from there. Today there is a resurgence of the mystery orders in a new Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, and various others including a school in England called the Servants of the Light which we will be reviewing as a part of the new section which will begin in the Lughnasad issue, and which will deal with various available alternatives in philosophical schools throughout the world.

Another path the mysteries took was the one held in secret since the first days of priesthood in the dim recesses of man's past. Effected by the magical (from Magi) schools of the Druids, the illiterate cults of the agricultural, grazing and hunting tribes, mostly made up of illiterates, in some cases began to receive watered-down versions of the true mysteries. They survive today and are being carried on by unassuming practitioners of the Witchcraft (today's meaning, not the original) groups, definitely not illiterate, but now so languified that the true meanings of words and movements have been diluted by inaccurate penning and incompetent wording. Faithfully, however, they have continued to carry what they have been taught and, thankfully, they have been accurate enough for those of us who are really seeking to "make soup in the cauldron."



Now, however, the Sangreal itself is beginning to assert itself in some. The mysteries are in them genetically and they are remembering. A hint here, a paragraph there, a kick in the teeth from life and they are on the track. They are a fearless breed, and because they know from whence comes this urge, they pursue it despite the jeers and persecutions of the world, and, hope of hopes, they recognize the inclinations in others and are able to tell where they are in the search and aid them, sometimes without the receiver knowing it.

Twelve years ago this past April 10th, I received a High Priesthood in the Matriarchal Mysteries. I served those mysteries for three years and three days and they are still a part of the workings here. I then entered the mysteries of Fayerye and the Sangreal. It is a priesthood fascinating and balanced and we teach it only after a number of other requirements have been fulfilled. But there are steps along the way and if the initiate is not yet ready to continue he/she may stop at any point.

The real Boreadean mysteries of the Grail and the service of our people to the Hag of the Grail, began with the mysterious appearance among us of a young man whose name we shall withhold. He spent three years and a part of the next in our Inner Court, the only court at the time. He had learned the Matriarchal Mysteries and had become a candidate for High Priesthood before the vision came.

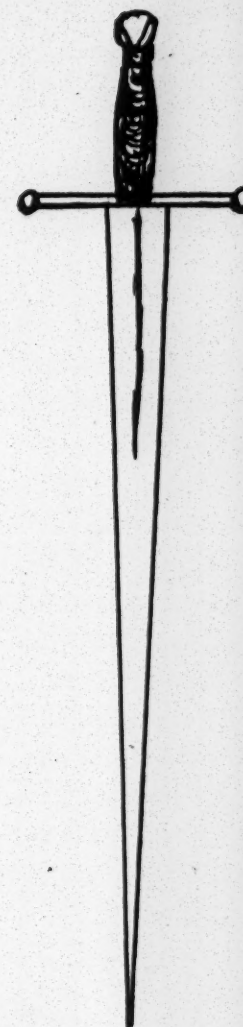
In meditation he saw a staircase with three landings, its summit shrouded in clouds. He climbed to the first landing and there met a man in black robes who handed him a silver chalice. The second landing and another such black-robed individual yielded a Harp which looked to have four strings, but which he knew had eight. He touched one of the strings in receiving the Harp and the entire world of the staircase vibrated and shook. On the third and final landing, beneath a grey-purple cloud cover, stood the now usual man in black with black mask. Behind him stood a man

dressed only in black trousers and who made himself known through thought as the maker of the magnificent sword held out to the young man by the black-robed guardian.

Although he had accepted all the gifts he seemed not to have been able to take any of them with him and arrived at the top of the final stairs with empty hands. He was in a room and the only other occupant was a woman. He calls her the "Queen of Glass," although I am not sure even he knows who she was. She let him know of her approval and comradery and he left.

At the top of the stairs he looked down and, on the middle of the three landings he saw all three of the tools, but he could go no further. He was released from trance and came to me with the story. I was convinced from what I knew of the Grail, that he was to go on a Grail quest. Since the Old Woman is the Queen of the work of initiates I advised him to make some kind of alliance with Her. When he returned from his vigil he had taken a vow of chastity to last a year, or longer if necessary to find the required objects. Shocked that a man of twenty-one would give up an active sex life for religion or even philosophy in this day and age I knew that if ever the situation again arose I would caution the seeker not to make a vow without talking it over with me, for vows to the Hag are not to be taken lightly as are the vows easily given by men today.

However, I had underestimated the man. He told me he had taken the vow for love of the Lady in the room at the top of the stair, that he was fairly certain that he would never meet her in the flesh, and that he was certain, also, that she was some form of Goddess. Well, he must have been very sure, for he did spend the next year and went on for two months past the year, searching for, and finally finding the Grail. The Harp led him and he followed. No woman was his downfall. I sometimes wondered if it was because they could tell that he was on the Lady's mission and would not betray his vow.



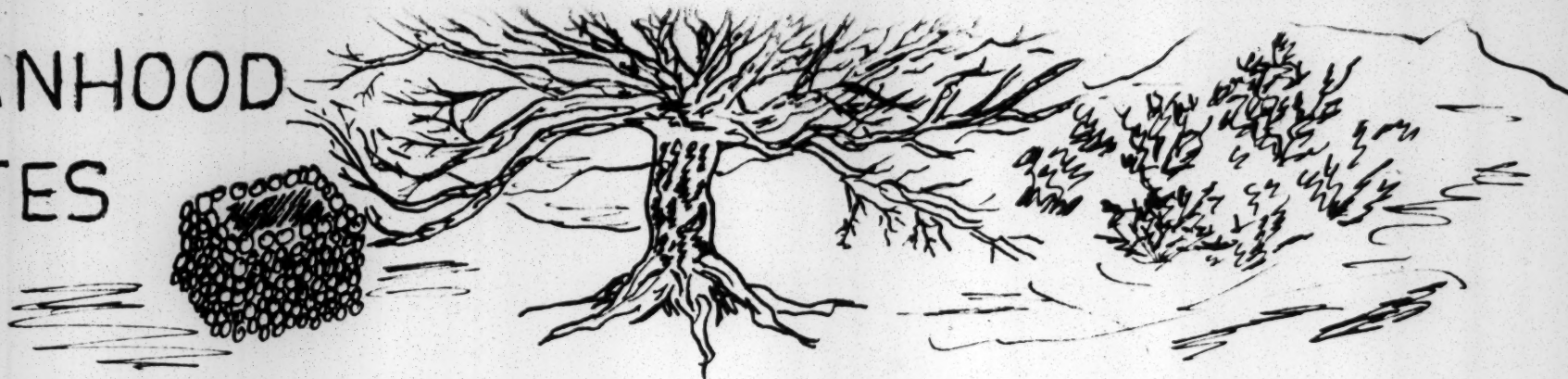
Now he wanders the world, for he is in the High Priesthood of the Inner Court and must wander before he can return here in this life or another to become a part of the vessel. In April, on the Full Moon and "without benefit of weapon or magics," he returned, for he shall be on a long journey for a time and would touch Bri Leith before departure. Blessing is given.

He is a legend among our knights, for in his honor has been instituted the Hag quest, for it grew from his vision and vow. Some can undertake as demanding a vow as did he, some know they are not yet ready. Some do undertake the vows and are unable to keep them. This is only indication of their youth and lack of knowledge of themselves. They will take up the challenge later. There is no lasting shame in making a wrong choice if you are not yet in the High Priesthood.

So, upon Uath 5 this year, several men of varied ages will take up the quest if it is their decision to do so after the rites of manhood, and we will review their vows, lest they should be hurt or their honor be destroyed.



# MANHOOD RITES



In today's world and society's mold, the Mysteries of Manhood for the young man usually consist of some fast talk and whatever else can be had in the back seat of the car, followed by discussions of his experiences with others of his peer group in an effort to make clear to the group just what it is that is happening to the body and mind of the puberty-stricken male. We feel that first acquaintances with the female are much better made with the Goddess of long ago, the Archetype (not Jungian, necessarily) of the woman as she really exists, not as a few adventurous moments reveal her to be, sometimes with disastrous results for the seeker.

That is why, every still-cold Uath 5 finds us many miles out in the country in the company of a young man who has spent a month in training for the moment when he will receive his headpiece, official notice of his having been initiated in the ancient way of our people into the mysteries of manhood. It will be many years before he will be aware of the total implications of this undertaking but it is a beginning, and one we feel is far better than today's version of the tradition.

It all begins in the month of March when first the word goes out from man to man, priest to beginners who never had the mysteries when they were young, or to young men whose foster parent or parent in truth thinks he is ready: the time is soon and we must prepare. As a priestess I prefer not to be involved with the work of training the new seekers, for the men's mysteries are for them and the women's are for me and others of my sex.

But there are times in the life of every priestess when she must stand in in the event there is no one else to do the job. One year we had no one to teach and I did. I am never one to taunt the Gods by trying to be something which I have no right to be, but my participation made the difference between the men not having the initiation and going on to do it for the others and our never again having a man qualified to wear the headpiece in the group again. I chose to serve my people as I could. The patience of the men I taught and worked with will be a reminder until the day I pass from the earth of the kindness men can show to women in the right situation. Their understanding of why I was there was born out in their full acceptance of my presence throughout the preparation and initiation.

However, now that I have the men to do it, we will go back to the old way of the announcement being made by the priest and the training carried out by him for the most part. I am involved only as the Goddess figure and available for questions when some point of the women's mysteries they may, and indeed, must know, gets in the way of full understanding.

During the first weeks a good deal of good-natured banter goes on about the many feats you must be able to perform in order to pass the tests. Some of the ones they invent to prod the poor candidates are ridiculous, but no one but them (and now me) knows when they are telling the truth, for, indeed, it is an arduous challenge. As a matter of fact, it is probably the most difficult of the initiations we perform here.

Classes start immediately after the Equinoctial festival

and continue to the moment of initiation, for the candidates go out for three days and exist there, foraging for what food the animals and winter has left. They take no food with them and one set of clothing must be made to do.

There must be two representatives of the God face with them at all times to guide them in their challenges. These men must have a number of qualifications and are chosen by the priestess from the available priests.

On the third day the three priestesses who will take part in a portion of the ceremony gather and approach the site. The men must bathe in an ice cold spring before putting on the clothes they will wear. The priestess who is special to each of the candidates moves to attend the man she sponsors.

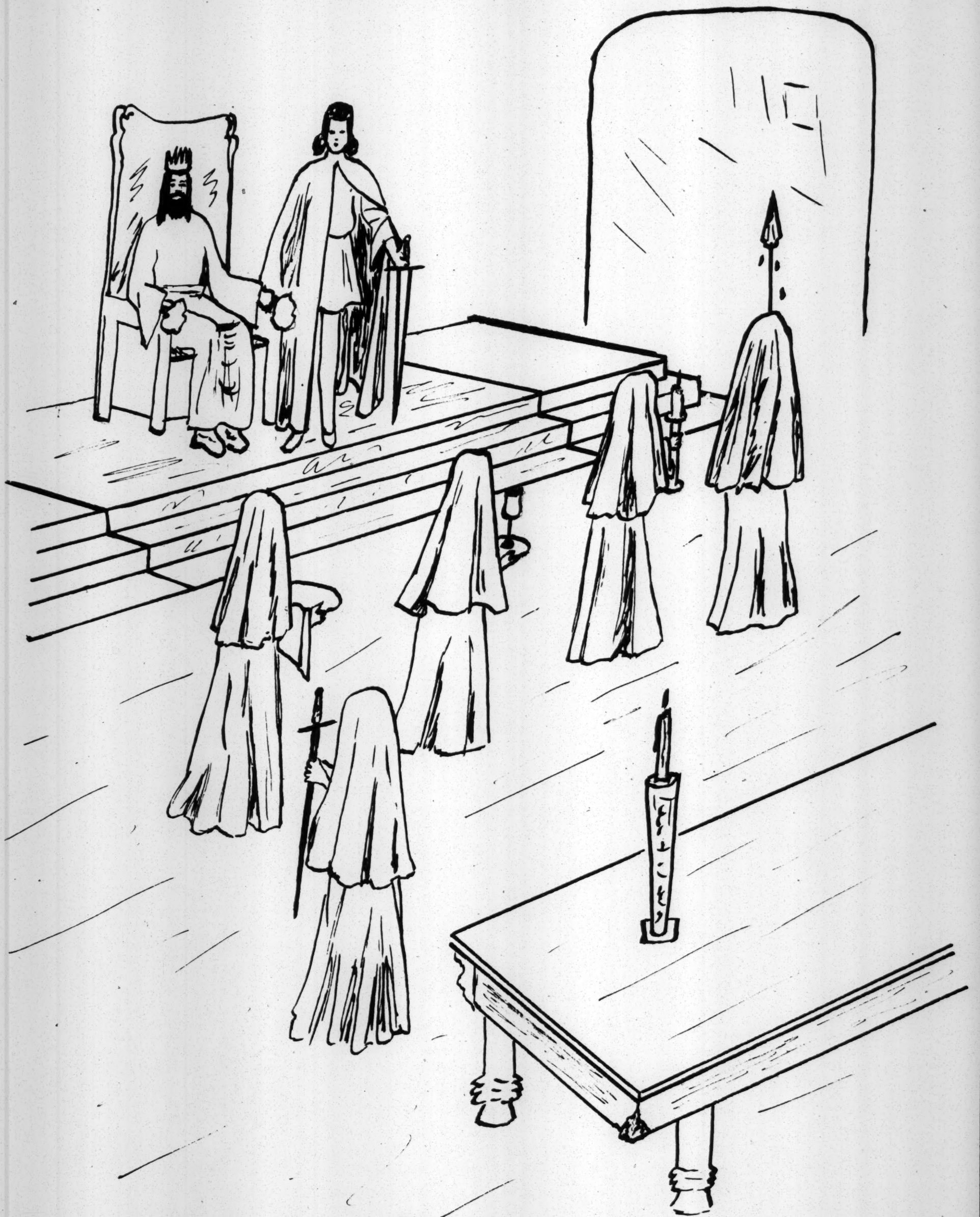
The initiation proceeds and as the candidates pass each of the required challenges the tension eases a bit so that at the end, all are in fine spirits.

Once this part of the rite is accomplished the new initiate is given time to decide what his next move will be. Two avenues are open to him. He may continue to study as he did before, or he may go on to become a Grail knight of the Hag.

The Grail knights are given a further initiation the following Dark Moon and must undertake vows which weigh very heavily on young men. One of the commonest, for instance, is the vow of chastity for the period of time required for him to complete certain challenges related to the Grails of our people. All the candidates who have begun the work have taken this vow except one.

cont'd







Some have kept it, others have won release from it through recourse to the Hag whom all these knights serve throughout the Grail period. This release has always cost dearly for those who have bought it. "She will aid the warrior, but Her price is high." One man preserved his vow for a period of over a year until all of the required challenges had been accomplished. That is not, however, a long period of time and some Grail working goes on for many years and the vows must be kept or sufferance must be paid the Hag.

Aside from the demands of the Grail work study of the priesthood is continued. We seldom have dropouts in this period, however.

When the Grail seeker has completed the work assigned him in this area he becomes a potent figure in the Grail rites. Tests are given all along the way and the men must pass them all to receive clues to the next work he must face. The final work produces a man who knows himself and other men with confidence and an ability to aid others in the finding of themselves and solutions to their own problems.

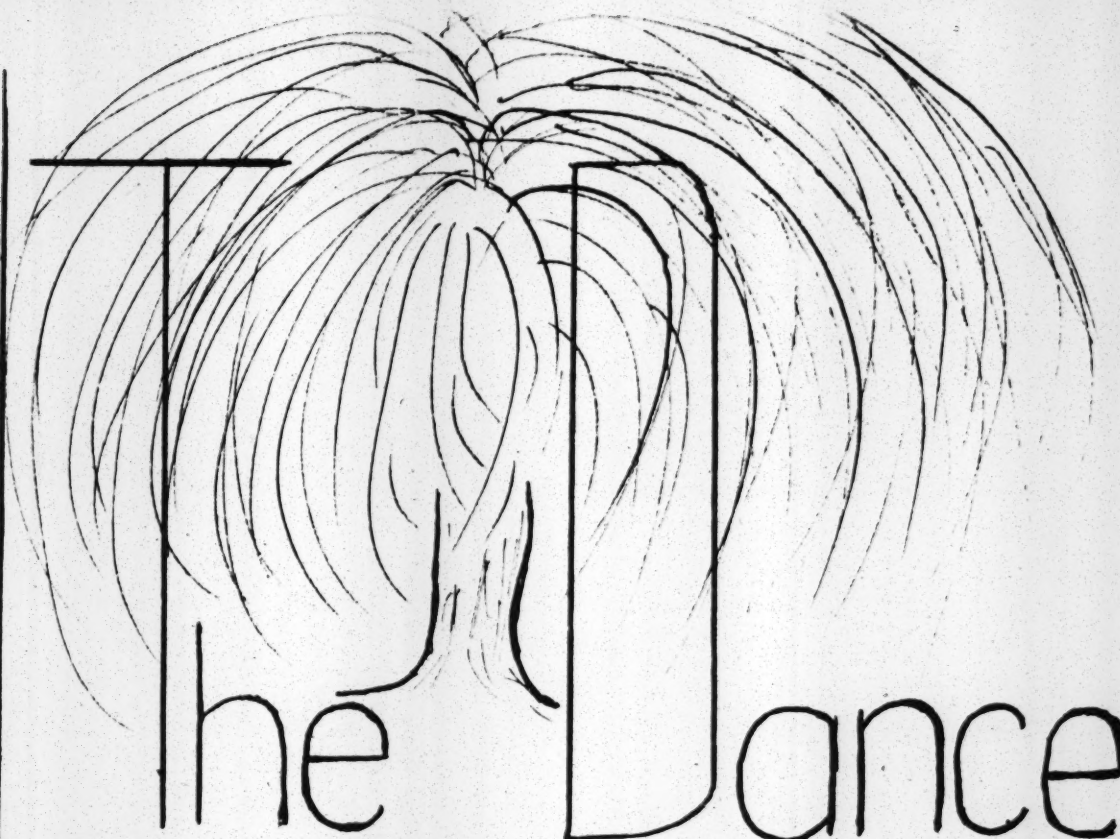
The old ways are admirable in many ways and we have attempted faithfully to reproduce a centuries-old rite which will aid man in his search for himself, for life is difficult enough without wondering what you, yourself, are about.

DEA

\*Note: Watch next Brighid Felihad issue for a companion article on the Women's mysteries.

### *The Protection Package*

- Morning & Evening Exercise
- Dressed candle
- Incense
- Bath Herbs (our mix)
- Special Salt
- Instructions
- 6 Baths..... 7<sup>00</sup>
- Refill..... 3<sup>95</sup>



# he Dance

Each manifestation of the Great Mother has Her own tantra, or path, Her own Mantra, or sound, and Her own Yantra, or visualization.

She is the bridge over which one can cross into the Great Void, but She must be followed according to Her own special ritual.

One receives the ritual of each of the Devas, or Goddesses by serving Her and by learning Her ways.

The explorer of the Great Mother is the male. Without him she could not become known. He entertains Her with his antics and She watches his progress with interest, for He can do things that are not possible for Her. He can suffer, he can imagine himself confronted with great obstacles, he can be betrayed, he can love, he can die.

Life is for him an appreciation of Her. And through his life She appreciates Herself.

And between them, somehow, eternity is made just a little more bearable. The stark reality of formlessness and endlessness has been conquered.

And thus begins the priestly dance in every religion in every culture. We regard this phenomenon as the Male Mysteries and take it upon ourselves to continually

strive toward perfecting our male's image as the living expression of the Goddess in the world. Our system, like many others is broken down into three phases; from inception to the manhood rites (usually around 7 to 14 years of age), from the manhood rites until old age, and from old age to death. Initially, the child is thirsting for knowledge and, in an insatiable search for truth, comes to know the Goddess as the Virgin Mother; that is, the simple, pure, loving expression of all things in life. He sees Her in the wonder of the growth of plants, animals, and even words. She protects him and helps him to create his own space and life force along pre-destined lines. As he grows the Goddess seems to drift to the background and become forgotten. While this is generally the case with the average man, we realize that this release is necessary if one is to fully reap the benefits sown at birth. It is here that a man comes to recognize the innate beauty of women and it is here that his life takes on a holy aspect in as much as here he achieves his life goals, his moral fiber is tested and refined and here it is that he becomes a priest. It should be remembered that not all men become priests, but all men embody the Goddess's meaning in life.

Gwyddion

\*Beyond Sex, Cyble and E. J. Gold



Difference of opinion had probably always been with humankind and probably contributed as much to ritual development then as it does to horse-racing today.

Ritualism, sing-song chanting and resistance to innovation are still with us, of course - as notably female traits! Early man may well have been much more feminine and "effete" than modern! But there is no need to pursue such speculations further; than they will safely bear; the main point is that somewhere along the way, all





this changed. It is men, not women, who usually invent the better mouse-traps of the world, but it is not because men are brighter than women; it is because they are more apt to be subjected to powerful promptings to do so.

What probably prompted pre-modern man to build a better mousetrap and thus became modern man was probably drastic climatic change, on a catastrophic scale, cutting down the forage range faster than the "human" population could naturally adapt to it by attrition. The change could perhaps have been sudden and disruptive enough to override the usefulness of ritual adaptation. All that is clear is that suddenly the importance of ritual, no doubt for the first time in "history", dropped beneath the importance of survival. Man decided, under the circumstances, he would rather survive than be "right"; he had a brain, so he used it and "innovated." One example would be his departure from normal food-gathering practices, which must have been strongly hedged round by much ritual and taboo. Instead of being content to gather plants where he found them, he broke with taboo, transplanted them to new ranges where they did not occur naturally, and in the process invented agriculture. The impact of this innovation on his worldly career, has surely had further reaching ramifications than he could well have imagined.

Another important innovation was big game hunting. Earlier, man contented himself with gathering of small, slow game; i.e., cold-blooded creatures, rabbits, enfeebled omnivores, and so on - the sort of creature that can be hunted and killed without tools, weapons or organization. As long as such game is plentiful, there is no need to disrupt taboo by going after large or dangerous game, even though the economy of hunting small animals by primitive means is drastically inefficient. Pre-modern man probably did not have much of anything better to do with his time anyway; he only had to work about two hours a day to survive, and must have had plenty of leisure. But what happens if catastrophe drastically curtails the availability of such a food source? It may be time, then, to cast taboo to the winds, upgrade food gathering efficiency and survive.

If it takes two men two hours to catch a deer that will yield each one some twenty-five pounds of meat, say, and suddenly the food requirement becomes much greater, men determined to survive are going to start juggling the figures whether they can actually count yet or not. If they need to do it, they will organize twenty

men, spend the same two hours catching an elephant, by use of fire, tools and such, and each come away with a couple of hundred pounds of meat. And again, the impact on the human career is something beyond their calculation and, perhaps, ours; at any rate, they are, in one day's work, no longer pre-modern man, but modern. But set your foot on a path, and you may soon find there is no turning back.

Enough of pre-modern man; we ought now to pause but long enough to say what we can about contemporary man and then proceed with our real subject.

Much disruption of ritual means social calamity, which is probably the real reason why "innovation" has always been as strongly resisted as it has. The effect that necessary innovation wrought on the social life of early man must indeed have been catastrophic, but there were compensations. After all, he could forget his social worries and just concentrate on hunting elephants - which does take some concentration, after all. He still had a great deal of individual control over his social destiny and thus his sanity. And along the way he developed a behaviorism which in itself became deeply ingrained and





studiable, and became a new "norm". That "norm," however, is just that, a norm. It is something that manifests itself more or less perfectly according to human circumstance, and is as apt to be deported from as cloven to. I distinguish "contemporary" man from "modern" man precisely as an acknowledgement of the fact that contemporary man may currently stand, in general terms, at a considerable remove from what I am calling the "norm" for "modern" man. Early man had a great amount of control over his personal social destiny, exercised it, and was much improved by the exercise. Contemporary man might well stand as an example of a creature who has largely lost that kind of control, as part of the price we pay for civilization. The effect on him has been notably demoralizing. Contemporary man, for whatever reason, is measurably more antisocial, unintelligent, uncreative, criminal, sexually ambiguous, selfish and "liberated" than even his relatively recent ancestors, and as such, he and his behaviorisms muddy the picture somewhat. If we are looking for any sort of "norm" to talk about, contemporary man may well yield a poor harvest of suitable specimens for study. If the cloud of civilization has any silver lining at all, however, it may be that it is so rich in "documentation". We can reach beyond our immediate surroundings and know much more than an undocumented culture about what, say, our immediate forebears, were like, in their own primes of life.

Such, then, are the parameters of our study; having dispensed with both pre-modern man and contemporary man we may confine consideration to "modern" man and take as a norm what he functions like when circumstances leave him freest to function.

Even pre-modern culture probably practiced some form of sexual segregation, for the reason that the sexes tend to contaminate one another's "energies." For best social health, contact has to be regulated, however loosely and informally. Psychologists have noted, for instance, that females (and children) need more "hugging" than men do, and many a distraught male has experienced the exasperation of his wife's need to

be "hugged" at some of the most unlikely and inappropriate (to him) times. The reason lies in her momentary feeling of need for an energy recharge. She feels the embrace as a "recharge;" he well feel it as an enervation or drain. Without getting too metaphysical, there is some form of energy that flows from male to female, which is produced continually and spontaneously in the healthy male, and with

which females quickly learn they can profit by contact. Deprived of it for long periods, they pine and become what is usually termed "bitcheys". In fact, females will sometimes starve themselves of this energy on purpose when, for one reason or another, they wish to become "bitcheys".

This is not to indicate that males, for their part, never wish to be hugged. The energy they spontaneously build up is entirely baffling to males; it stores itself up as in a battery, and must occasionally be discharged or else disrupt the health and peace of mind of the male. For their part, males soon learn that embracing a female is the readiest means of discharging this overplus, if not always the most convenient. What makes it inconvenient, of course, is that the sudden discharge results usually in a rebound-effect which will prompt a sudden desire for sexual intercourse. If sexual intercourse at the moment is impractical, the results can be awkward for both parties. Untangling from the psychological tensions involved may be a "dance" the intricacies of which are beyond the spiritual resources of both of them. We must face the fact that nature has made us this way for reasons of Her own; she wants pregnancies to happen and happen often, whether by choice or by chance.

But if sexual segregation, as a means of regulating energy exchanges between the sexes and keeping them at an optimum level for individual and communal health, is important in pre-modern cultures, it is far more important in modern ones. Some of a man's overplus of energy can, fortunately for the race, be sublimated. Men will tend to sublimate such energy anyway, to some degree, out of a need to control it. The man who doesn't control it

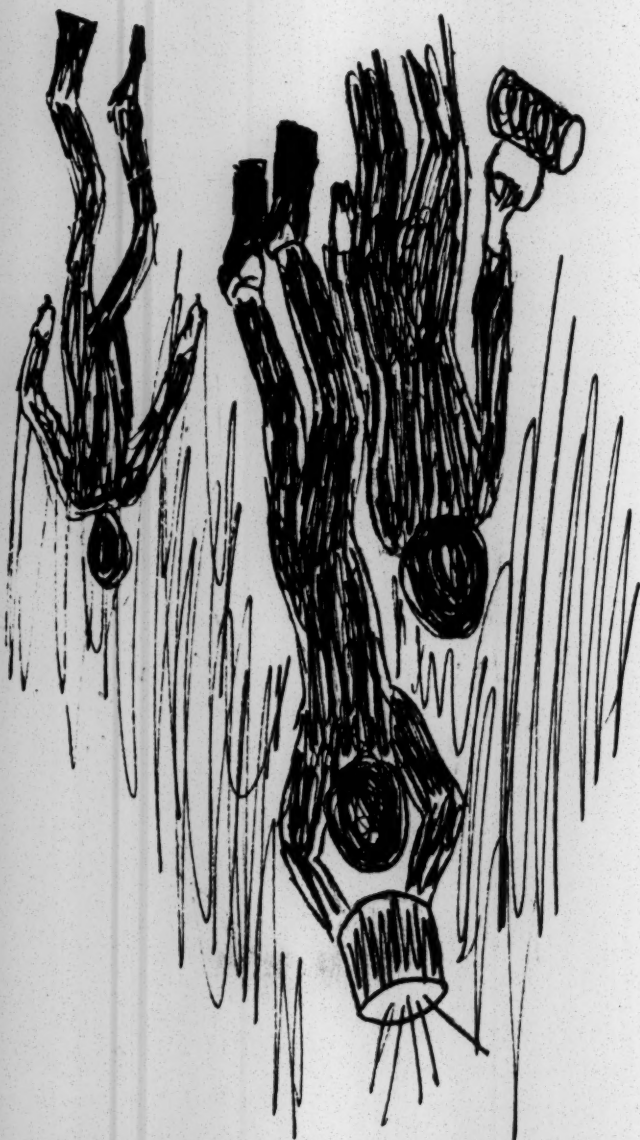
must be batted about at its whim and mercy, like a shuttcock. What is worse, discharge by contact with a female is not always an available option, and when available, not always a convenient one. The male who confines himself to that option will, in fact, be a sufficiently disruptive social presence to risk being ostracised out of hand by his community, in spite of the fact that he is being prompted by internal forces that operate on a time-table of their own without regard to social niceties. Nay; sublimation of his psychic forces is one of the first lessons a young male learns, and learns well, if he cares to achieve and maintain any status in his community.

Perhaps the most dramatic and "sublime", if you will, method of sublimation that a male begins to take to early on is the behaviorism known as "packing". The term comes from the observation that males in any community will tend to spontaneously "pack" together frequently, like dogs or wolves, especially in pursuit of some commonly desirable project or goal. And whether it is an ancient big-game hunting-pack or a modern bowling team, the instinct of men to get together occasionally with "the boys" is always with us. Females who do not understand this behaviorism will sometimes view it with considerable hostility and suspicion, and will even attempt to block their own mate's participation in it - a big mistake. Men judge other men by their proficiency in the "packing dance"; and the man who fails its subtle criteria, especially because of his mate's interference, is termed, with surprisingly penetrating folkish insight, as "pussy-whipped". If he fails these subtle tests for less assignable and definite reasons of his own, there are other terms; "raggot," "pansey," "momma's boy," "cake-eater," "wimp," "candy-ass," "punk," and so on.

But packing is, none the less, such a peculiar behaviorism that it must be looked at closer than casually if it is to be understood at all - as understood it must certainly be. Packing does two things for an individual male's psychic energy. One, it insulates him from female energy-drain if his energies are low - and that's a cru-



cial consideration. Female energy requirements have their own timetables too, likewise indifferent to artificial social niceties. Nor do you have to actively hug a female to feel the drain; often the mere presence of women and children can trigger it. The second psychic effect of packing has to do with the "meaning - out" of energies amongst a group of males produced by mutual acceptance and cooperation. The high energy levels present bleed off into the lower ones, to the benefit of both, and the bleeding-out, unlike the case with female presence, stops dead all around and adjusts itself by some subtle alchemy at the most mutually comfortable level. Men discover this fact of their lives instinctively. Needless to say, the presence of females at any time during the operation of this subtle alchemy is most unwelcome and resented by the entire pack of men. "Contemporary" society has tended to demonstrate its failure to grasp this fairly simple principle in dramatic terms. Men at work, for instance, frequently fall back on "packing" as an energy level raiser to overcome resentment of their jobs and forget,



during the workday, that they would really rather be somewhere else. Men on a construction site will, as an example, usually harass innocent female passersby unmercifully, much to everyone's dismay; what is really going on in such scenarios is a desperate attempt among the workmen to resist, by hostile and embarrassing acting-out, the threat that the female presence represents to the packing-energy that is sustaining their labors through a hard day's work. The same blind-spot has been manifested by modern society in trying to come to grips with current intrusion in large numbers of a female work force into the traditionally male-dominated workaday world. It doesn't matter how good a worker a female may be; her presence is going to be a disruptive factor to the packing energy that may be being depended upon as the sustaining force among the workers, unless she is a hell of a lot better than most females. When this happens, usually neither the males nor females involved understand the metaphysics of that is really going on. Currently, other dynamics at work in our culture have raised the level of female intrusion into the workplace to an irresistible level; the women, if not here to stay, are at least here, and apt to be perceived as "here to stay" by most of the people involved. The result has been all sorts of artificial attempts to adapt and accommodate, and a heavy price that we've already begun to pay. Americans were once, not so long ago, the world's most industrious and productive people. They are such no longer. This productivity was, in those times, sustained artificially on packing-power amongst an all-male work force. Robbed of packing power, American productivity has dropped to a startlingly low ebb, and is currently below the level needed to sustain the replication of the highly technological economy that our society has opted to as a cultural fact of life. In future we will necessarily de-inovate to a stone-age level subsistence economy, unless deflected from our current course by some as yet unforeseeable future cultural factor. This is one reason why "contemporary" man yields such a poor harvest of specimens for study

in evaluating exactly what "modern" man is as he tries as best he may to live through a socio-cultural ambience that is slowly, ponderously and most ungracefully winding down.

So let's get back to "modern" man. "Modern" man was at some point driven to dropping his old ways, exploiting fire, tools, sophisticated weaponry and cooperation in the course of harvesting more efficiently hunted large, dangerous animals. This not only changed his social life, it changed his brain pattern. He had to enlarge his hunting bands, develop language, outbreed, and range further afield for long periods over territories that rendered culturally-defined considerations of "turf" relatively meaningless. He went from family to tribe; he went from forager-gatherer to agricultural-pastoral. That same ten square miles of turf, at home, which fed two dozen, now was intensively cultivated and fed five hundred. Large animals hunted now became domesticated as herds, pastured, culled and harvested. At this stage, man seems to have developed the magic "500" number; 500 individuals will live together amicably without need for community regulatory apparatus of any kind. Over 500 will begin to break up into a majority and a minority faction spontaneously, with a need for codified law and a specialized constabulary to maintain order. Agricultural-pastoral groups, of course, automatically maintained the five hundred individual community number; more means-factions, less drops in the community's reproduction rate below replacement level. They maintained this delicate cultural balance by intensified land use, packing power amongst the men, work-bees amongst the women, fertility rituals, seasonal observances, human sacrifice, inter-tribal warfare and raiding and all the rest of the spectrum of human accommodations to nature's inscrutable intransigencies that are everywhere the same in every age. Recently, however, man has had to react, not successfully yet, to new exigencies. A few thousand years ago he learned a still more intensive form of land-use; the creation of densely-populated commercial communities



around litorals. The first such "litoral" was probably the Danube River. Once the Mediterranean shore became livable in train with the retreat of the ice sheet, litoralization as a human life style became intensified ten or a hundred-fold, and the "Mediterranean" mind-set or mentality, as opposed to, for instance, the Aryan, virtually installed itself as mankind's manifest destiny. Now we had populations establishing themselves not in terms of hundreds of individuals but hundreds of thousands, with total regulation and social stratification, regimentation

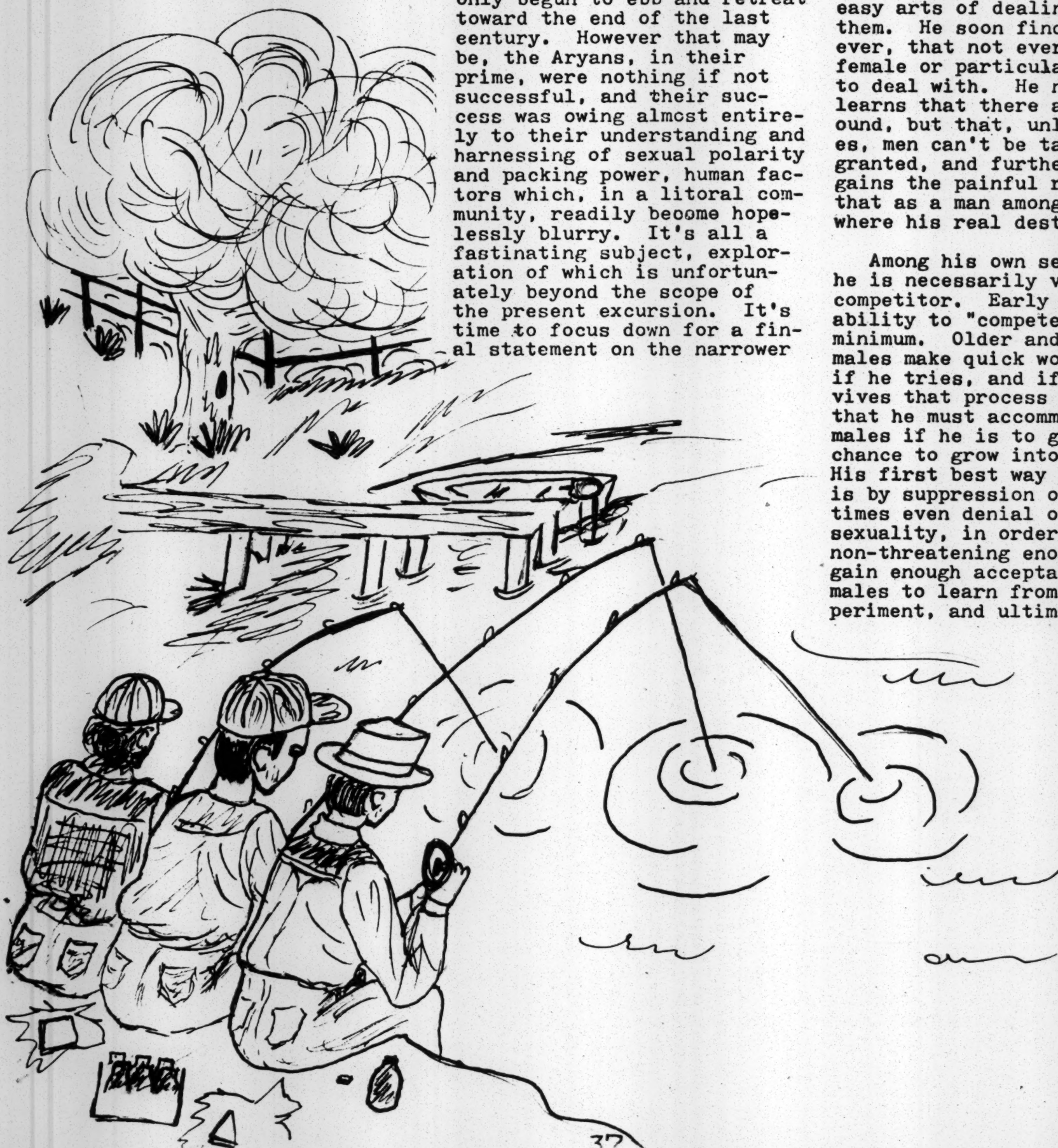
and codification as a fact of human life. If Northern European cultural mentality is worth anything at all, then we who cherish it might well rejoice that our ancestors came into "litoral"-style living so late in the game.

All this litoralization, whatever we may think of it as a human adaptation, was, of course, catastrophically disrupted and largely destroyed by the massive intrusion of "reactionary" primitive Aryan warbands, small in numbers but overwhelming in military might, in a tide that mounted for thousands of years until it lapped these very American shores and has only begun to ebb and retreat toward the end of the last century. However that may be, the Aryans, in their prime, were nothing if not successful, and their success was owing almost entirely to their understanding and harnessing of sexual polarity and packing power, human factors which, in a litoral community, readily become hopelessly blurry. It's all a fascinating subject, exploration of which is unfortunately beyond the scope of the present excursion. It's time to focus down for a final statement on the narrower

question of the individual modern male, what he does, and what he is.

When he starts out, he is basically a piece of meat, with another notable "piece of meat" appended between his legs whose purpose he cannot well imagine, and which he soon finds is a social embarrassment that he sometimes wishes he were rid of. Wishes, that is, until he finally finds out what it is for and adjusts accordingly, and learns to appreciate the vitality of its rôle in his survival and procreation. Along the way, he finds himself being nurtured up by a collection of females, and masters the relatively easy arts of dealing with them. He soon finds out, however, that not everybody is female or particularly easy to deal with. He not only learns that there are men around, but that, unlike females, men can't be taken for granted, and furthermore, he gains the painful realization that as a man among men is where his real destiny lies.

Among his own sex, however, he is necessarily viewed as a competitor. Early on, his ability to "compete" is at a minimum. Older and wiser males make quick work of him if he tries, and if he survives that process he learns that he must accommodate such males if he is to get any chance to grow into his own. His first best way to do this is by suppression of, sometimes even denial of, his own sexuality, in order to seem non-threatening enough to gain enough acceptance among males to learn from them, experiment, and ultimately hope





to get his ups at bat among them. The only way he can do this is to "compartmentalize" his sexuality; set it aside as a thing that operates by different rules nonapplicable to his usual life, and on special occasions only. This isn't hard to do; in fact, he finds that getting good at it gives him access to packing power and generally cuts down the female energy-drain that was keeping him so infantile until he got old enough to become aware of his gender and his destiny. Nor do the females in his life offer much resistance to that process. He isn't going to do any member of their own sex much good, after all, until nature is allowed to take its course and he becomes a "man."

If he is to get his "ups at bat" in life, and not just warm the bench and then the grave, a male must win the confidence and cooperation of his peers and elders, forces which he intuitively must be earned and can make or break him. At first, then, he concentrates on being helpful and friendly to his betters among them - which at first means practically everybody. Little by little, he puts the good will of the others in his debt, until they come to like him and feel that they "owe" him something. That's the kind of debt every man is spiritually anxious to discharge; if he doesn't do it speedily and with interest, his own "face" among the group may fall into jeopardy. A male who hangs around the pack long enough will eventually be given his chance to prove his worth in some way - or at least the chance to seize the chance.

This process is much helped by a male's tendency toward sexual compartmentalization. This compartmentalization frees up creative energy to both bleed off into the low energy areas of the pack-soul, if you will, and to be sublimated into

individual achievements that will serve or impress the pack or both. Achievement and advancement of the pack's interest is highly important to the male, and like a football player who must make the "big play" even at the risk of severe physical injury, the individual male will readily and unquestioningly "give himself up" to gain some advantage for the pack. His payoff for that is the status he gains out of their respect for his sacrifice in their interest, whether he survives or bask in it or not. The average male will instinctively consider such a payoff worth the risk involved. If he had his druthers, he would probably druther have a chance to stop and think it over, and weigh the risk against the payoff involved. However, he will also have already learned another thing; that you don't stop and think when it's time to act; that the bold stroke usually has the percentages going for it, and usually wins, and that people who stop to think usually lose. Acting and reacting effectively where a female, less experienced in sudden crises, might hesitate, is perhaps the male form of "intuition." And the other males are apt to applaud the bold stroke in any case, whether it succeed or fail.

Such considerations might tend to paint the male as an instinctively altruistic beast. He is not, any more than are females; such behaviorism is actually fairly selfish. Basically it stems as an accommodation to male competitiveness. What the male basically wants out of it all is his best possible pick among the females. He may have some notion of what sort of female he hopes for, but he may also

see his hopes as somewhat unrealistic in terms of what he may have to settle for. So he ups his ante in the only healthy way possible. His only other alternatives would be: 1. assassinate all the male competition (and then be at the mercy of the females!) or 2. become a ladies' man, specializing in cultivating female company, thus casting a net wide enough to haul in the female of his preference along with all the rest. This latter may sound like the easy way out, and some men do opt for it, especially bisexuals, but in fact, it isn't. The other men instinctively recognize it for the cheat that it is, and drop such a man to the bottom of the social totem-pole, where he becomes free game for everybody, with a year-round open season on him. Most men fantasize such a womanizing career for themselves at various times, but rarely act it out, at least for long, unless they are incorrigibly foolish or have already hopelessly washed out of their chances for status among males, for one reason or another. Amongst the males, such a renegade is apt to be termed a honyot, as somebody who thinks with the little head instead of the big one, or worse, and regarded with general contempt. Much of the more demonstrative packing behavior that men do is an attempt to avoid that kind of label, or the label of faggot or "queer", when they sense some such threat to their reputation. Womanizing is a male taboo; one violated at every opportunity, but still a taboo.

In general, a man with high status among males will be accorded a higher pick amongst the females; he meets less ferocious opposition from the competition. We men will tend to violently oppose the man who picks the girl we might have





waited for ourselves in inverse proportion to the degree that we like, respect and identify with him. When it comes to the question of why we pack and cultivate such liking, respect and identity among our peers, then, this is the bottom line; social approval of our choice of female - which could otherwise be opposed and denied.

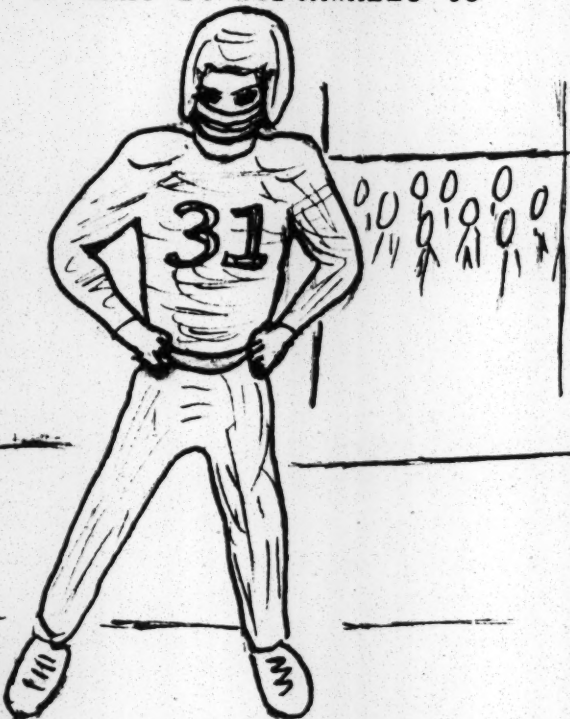
Still, there are other lines than the bottom one. Packing, once taken to, soon emerges as a good in itself. Acceptance by the pack is what triggers the energy meaning-out mechanism; the magic doesn't happen until that happens first. When it does happen, the male soon finds that whatever he is good at, he becomes better at when backed by pack admiration, and worse at when the pack withholds approval. The psychic energies clash, in such cases. You have to be "loose" to do a thing well, and pack disapproval will tighten you right up and make you fail, no matter how good you are. But being good is vital to self-esteem; even a man who has found the mate of his choice is still going to need that, and keep on utilizing the pack dynamic he understands so well to nourish and reinforce it. For his mate, this is apt to be a good thing; it relieves her somewhat of the duty of making a career out of constantly reinforcing her man's ego and leaves her free to properly raise the kids.



A man's chances with the woman of his choice are also enhanced by high pack status, and that helps a lot. That is why not many women really fall to the wiles of womanizers. They are more apt to gravitate to the man of status, knowing that some portion of his status will automatically be accorded to them as his

mate. This helps, too, to insure the status of the kids to come. The man that women avoid, and rightly so, is the over-achieving male that has made a fetish out of his pack-status. Such a man will still have a lot of growing-up to do before he can make a fit match for any woman but his mother.

That acceptance is the key to energy meaning-out is crucial too, and best demonstrated when two packs meet. The result is not an energy pool, but an energy polarity, which must be resolved, and is done so by resorting to words, dances, taunts and finally, blows! Needless to say, a man is drawn to such situations because the stakes in the game are so much higher. Maneuvering between two packs affords the status-seeking male a far greater range and field of opportunity for pay-offs than maneuvering within it; and stakes high enough to make it worthwhile to



risk life itself. This is what led our ancestors into cultivating the life of the warrior as a religious fetish; a hero, after all, can get a big promotion and acquire status amongst the gods themselves, who were apt as not to be mainly dead heroes from some earlier age.

In fact, the mean energy of any pack is its shared "worth," with two packs in opposition, the worth of the weaker will drain into the worth of the stronger - which will prompt battle as a means of trying to seize control of that natural process. Battle, however, does have its decidedly anti-social and counter-

productive process, necessary as its dynamic may be to males. Some accommodation has to be found to that, so we have sports instead, which men are drawn to and are apt to take very seriously. The mechanism involved is entirely the same; quest for pack status.

Up to a point, the better "warrior" a man is, the better man he is, and his woman needs for him to be that as much as he does. But the more of a man he is, the less his energies can be tolerated around certain situations. It bodes ill, for instance, to have him around his own offspring, even, under the age of two or three years; exposure to his energies is somewhat on a par with feeding steak to a baby that's still on mother's milk. The whole purpose of occasionally letting a man dandle his own infants for, say, an hour or so a day, is to "harden them off," like exposing a plant gradually to cold air. A man whose energies were low enough to be tolerable to infants would probably not be worth much as a man.

This is not to say that a man should not necessarily be present at childbirth, or anything like that. Some women have expressed a desire for the strength of their man's presence while giving birth, and such a desire should undoubtedly be accommodated, even to the point of the man midwifing his own child if it comes to that. But once the woman has regained her own strength and no longer needs his, the man's role in the nurturing process ought properly to end until such time as the child itself demonstrates readiness and desire for it - which will be soon enough.

There is much more that could be said about these subjects, of course, but clarity is knowing when to quit. What is the pity is the degree to which the age we live in has forgotten matters were once evidently well understood. It surely makes us realize what a puny thing progress is. We imagine that we sit atop a great heap of all the world's accumulated knowledge of the past; nothing could be further from the case. We know much that ancient man did not, at the same time as we forget almost everything he



did know. Man's knowledge is not an accumulation of things; rather it is a kind of searchlight that, in any given age, shines on some one spot of all that is knowable, and imagines that whatever is perceived is what out of it all is really important, but then in some other age moves on, and makes something else important instead, while plunging the previously illuminated spot back into its original darkness. Who does not re-search where the light shown before, with however feeble a flashlight, is a fool.

Fool that our age is, what it is most eager to do, if we let it, is throw all consideration of gender, race, religion and culture clean out of court and reprocess us all into some kind of homogenized he/she product, in a grand system wherein all kids are one-parent homogenes themselves, all consume whether they produce or not, and all producers are exploitable and then expendable. And all because some few folks would like to live without working or even thinking, and think they've figured out a way to do it. Fortunately for all of us, as individuals we do not have to go along with this process. We can resist it - and the means of resistance are at hand!

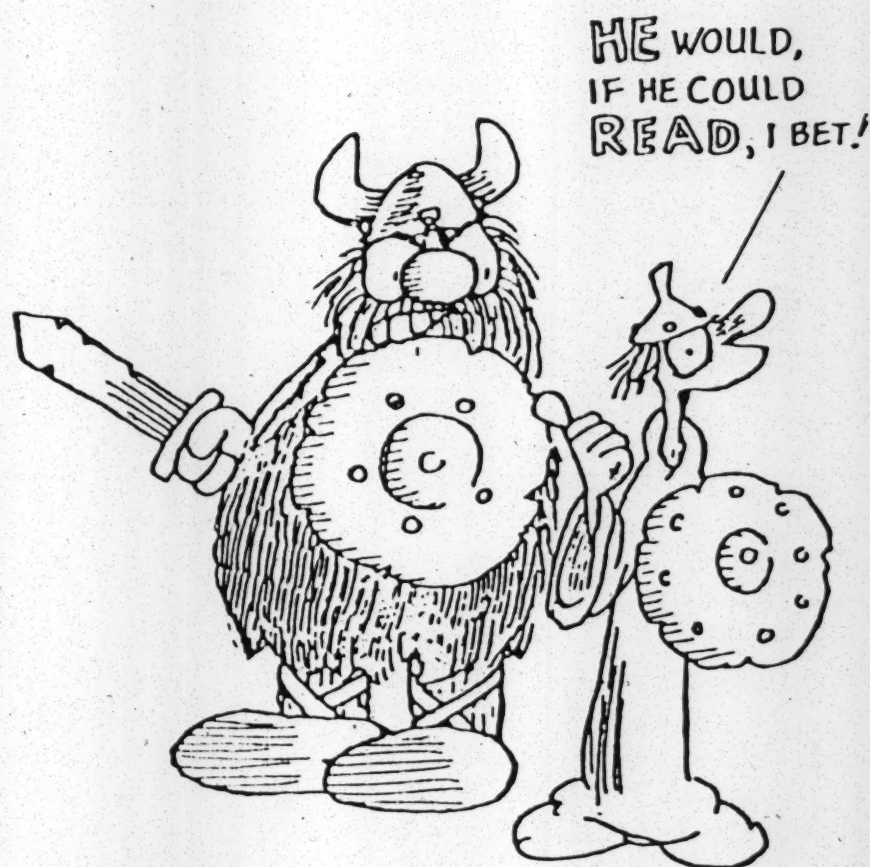
*Garman*  
Garman Lord

Dear Readers:  
For those of you who have not met Garman before, he is an artist, calligrapher, writer, researcher, speaker of Anglo Saxon & Editor in Chief of the Neathen-based magazine, *Vikingstaff*, averted to the right.

Garman kindly took the time to jot down the above article for me & I felt you all might enjoy an Anglo Saxon point of view, in celebration of the upcoming Men's Mysteries.

*Dea*

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Garman, with apologies to *Dik Browne*

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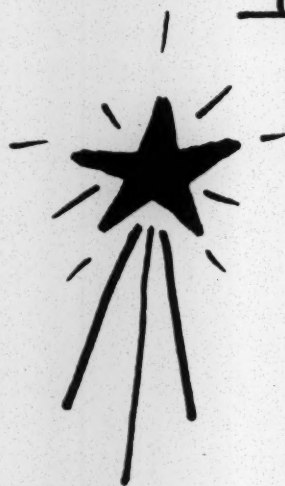
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PROPHET'S CORNER  
or  
What's On The Fire?

As plans stand now we plan to use this space to tell you a little about what will be going on in the next few months issues of the magazine.

It is our policy, at least for the present, to continue to follow the seasons and the traditions which fall with them and their celebrations. We will be adding other things for your interest, however. Of course we will have both our regular and intermittent columns and special features by some of you as well as articles by those you have already encountered in past issues.

In our next issue we will be giving you the second half of the articles on the duality of the God. It will be the Summer Solstice or Alban Hefin issue and we will have special food for the season and the usual calendar and schedule. There will also be a special feature on Gilles de Rais, the notorious French "Bluebeard," who has a real story all his own.

Lughnasadh always presents special challenges for us and this year we have planned some really special touches. The usual columns will, of course, be there, touched, we hope, by the Sun God himself. We will be featuring a set of poems by the lady who has been known to all of us here as the holder of our Cader Idris, the chair of poetry. It has a very special turn to it and you will enjoy it even if you are not a poetry fanatic. We will also have an article which will take you into the midst of an ancient Lughnasadh fair with Irish food to match. Lughnasadh at the Renaissance Faire will appear.

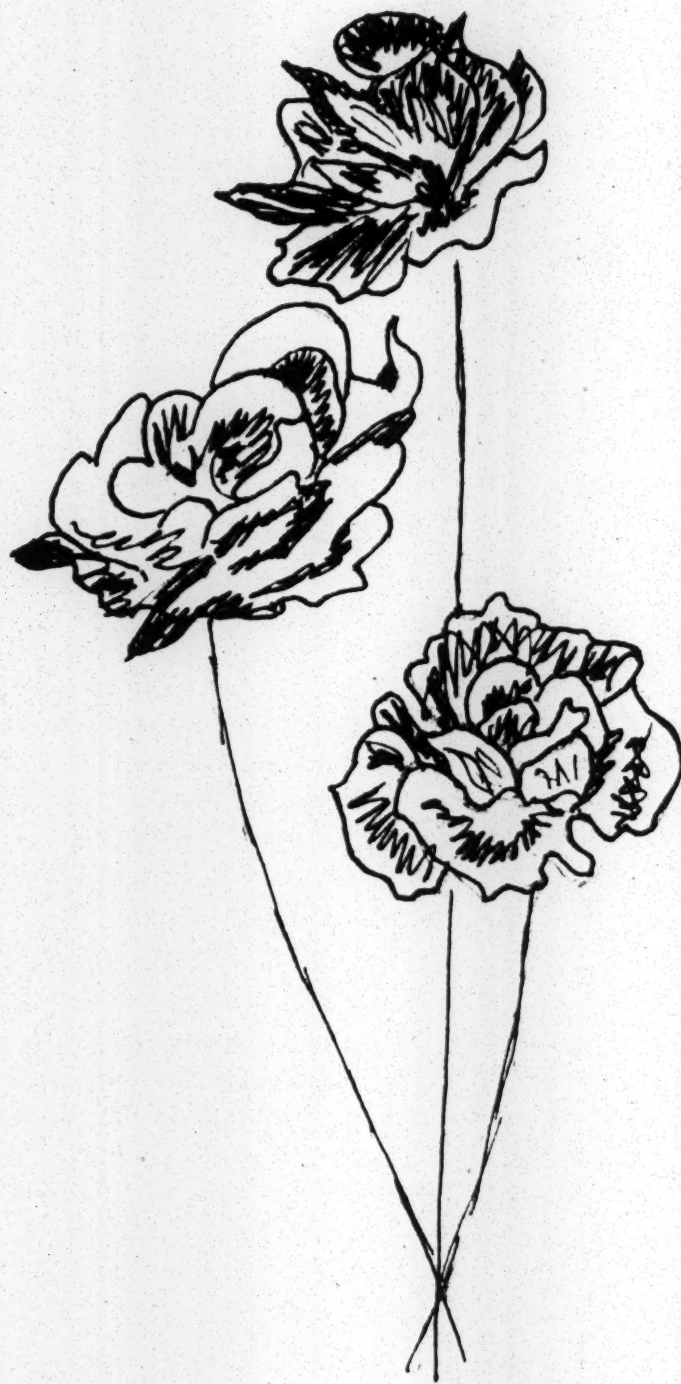
Fall will bring the poetry of Angela Peckenpaugh, harvest motifs and an article by Kerry Phelan, who will be assuming the horns of the God for the first time as a priest, entering the winter season. I hope Ryn will have some words for us on how to prepare our gardens to face winter and perhaps a hint or two about bringing some of the plants indoors. Canning season!

At Oidhche Shamhna, the season of death, we close the portals of the Faerie folk for a time and celebrate the season of death and what it brings to the earth and its occupants. We will also be celebrating the entering of the Clann into the season of the Hag. We will be electing our Lord of Misrule for the season of Alban Arthan, Yule. We will tell you all about that at Hallows. There will be many special features, since this is a major sabbat, and we hope to bring you a traditional meal that will go anywhere through the holidays.

All through the summer we will be presenting you with work on canning and preserving food and hints on how it can be easiest and least expensive. Since this is the May issue and you will not see us until the strawberry season begins, I suggest you find yourself some freezing boxes (plastic) or bags (try a Seal-a-Meal, they're great!)

Also, sometime in the Fall we hope to feature a special issue section on some Druid initiatory practices. In February's Brigid Felihad issue we will be featuring Phillis, of the Yours truly studio. Don't miss this one! She's a phenomenon! DEA





The Cover: This month we dedicate our cover to the Lady of the Roses: The White Rose, The Red Rose and the Black Rose. The White Rose, consumed by the passion of the God, gives birth to his young self as The Red Rose, and becomes The Black Rose of the Mysteries to release Him from Her and set him on his path. This is the beginning of the season of the three roses and we salute Her as our Mother and as Yours.

Please address all correspondence to:  
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13601